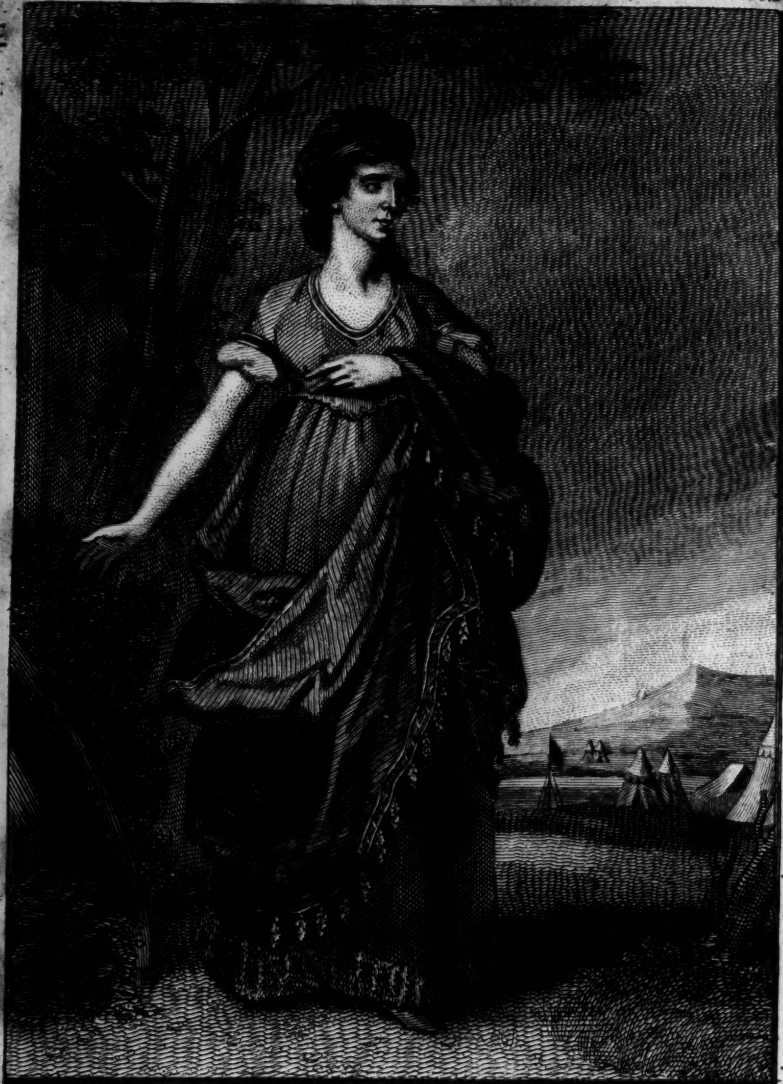


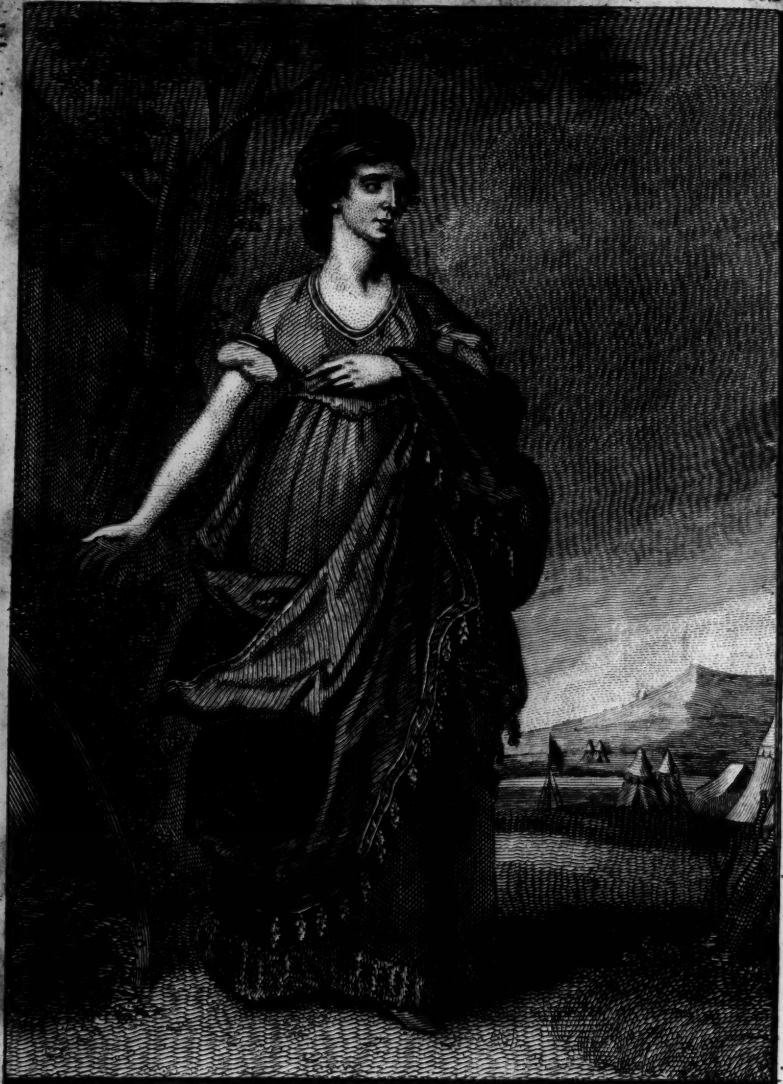


Mr TOWNSEND as CRISTINA

Christ. Oh, I fear

The War is now at work!—

London, Published by G. Cawthorn, British Library Strand July 1. 1796.



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GUSTAVUS VASA,

THE

DELIVERER OF HIS COUNTRY.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY HENRY BROOKE, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

As intended to be performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, *British Library, STRAND.*

MDCCXCVI.



HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

THIS Gentleman, the Author of the Tragedy of GUSTAVUS VASA, was born in the county of Cavan, in the kingdom of Ireland, probably about the year 1708; but the exact time of his birth is rather uncertain, as no particular account of it was published in his life-time, and accurate information cannot be obtained at a period so distant as the present. It may, however, be presumed, that this date is right, from a note to the imitations of Horace, published by Mr. OGLE, in the year 1738, where Mr. Brooke is stated to have been thirty years of age, before he could be prevailed upon to publish his poem of 'UNIVERSAL BEAUTY,' which was printed in the same year.

Mr. Brooke's talents for dramatic composition appeared first in his tragedy of Gustavus Vasa, which was presented to the Managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, in the year 1738, and favourably received by them; but when the performers were all perfect in their parts, and the rehearsal was nearly complete, an unexpected order was received from the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit the representation. This was, at first, a great disappointment to Mr. Brooke; but for which he was very amply recompensed by the approbation and liberality of the public, who so zeal-

ously and unanimously patronized the printing of it by subscription, that, according to Mr. Victor, the profits could not be less than ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

The arbitrary proceedings of the Lord Chamberlain, in refusing a licence, drew on him a great deal of well-deserved odium; and afforded our author the satisfaction of knowing, that his country at large espoused his cause. Paul Whitehead, in some very elegant lines addressed to Mr. Brooke at the time, was very severe in his reproof of the Chamberlain's conduct.

Pleas'd in thy lays we see GUSTAVUS live:
But, O Gustavus! if thou can'st forgive
Britons more savage than the tyrant *Dane*,
Beneath whose yoke you drew the galling chain,
Degen'rate *Britons*, by thy worth dismay'd
Profane thy glories, and proscribe thy shade.

Notwithstanding the refusal of a licence to Gustavus Vasa in England, it was, in the year 1742, performed at the Theatre in Dublin, with some few alterations, under the title of 'THE PATRIOT,' and very favourably received.

The disappointment of Mr. Brooke, in respect to Gustavus Vasa, did not deter him from again turning his talents to the stage: for, in 1741, his tragedy of the 'EARL OF WESTMORELAND, OR, THE BETRAYER OF HIS COUNTY,' was brought forward in

Dublin, and met with great success. This success drew from an anonymous writer some lines addressed to him, from which the following are extracted; and which are so elegant, that it is hard to determine, whether they do more credit to the talents of their author, or to the genius of the person they were written to.

LO! BROOKE, in fancy nobly wild,
Returns, invention's eldest child.
With science fraught, and ev'ry art,
He rules, at will, the varied heart;
Instructs the patriot's breast to glow,
Or bids the eye of beauty flow.
In looser dress GUSTAVUS charm'd,
And, rich in negligency, warm'd;
This like a shining bride appears,
In all the pomp, that beauty wears.

In 1752 the tragedy of 'THE EARL OF ESSEX' was represented, at the Theatre in Smock Alley, Dublin. This play was an alteration of Banks's play of 'THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE,' and is generally thought more judicious and masterly, than the alteration of the same play by Jones. In 1761, Mr. Brooke's tragedy was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, while Mr. Sheridan was engaged there, and was as well received by an English, as it had been by an Irish audience.

The three plays just mentioned are certainly the best of our author's dramatic compositions; he was,

however, the author of a variety of pieces of less note, a list of which are subjoined,

During the Rebellion of 1745, Mr. Brooke took a very active part in politics; and published the Farmer's Letters, in imitation of the Drapier's Letters of Dean Swift. These letters were much admired, at the time, for the liberality and justice of their sentiments. The Government of Ireland, however, did not much approve them; and their disapprobation was very probably the cause of the prohibition of a Comic Opera, called 'LITTLE JOHN AND THE GIANTS,' which was brought forward in Dublin, and stopt by the Licensor, after the first night's representation.

In Mr. Brooke's writings, independent of those for the stage, there is much to admire. His Poem of 'UNIVERSAL BEAUTY' is deservedly placed among the first compositions in our language; and his TRANSLATIONS from TASSO deserve great praise. The part that he has modernized of CHAUCER is by some thought to be equal, in harmony of numbers, to the most finished pieces of Mr. POPE; and the 'FARMER'S LETTERS' will be admired in Ireland, as long as the smallest spark of civil liberty shall remain.

It has been objected by some to Mr. Brooke, that his sentiments of civil liberty sometimes degenerate

into licentiousness; and this was the reason assigned for the refusal to license Gustavus Vasa. But at this distance of time, when the parties that then existed are forgotten, and the allusions lost, there is certainly not a sentiment to be found in it, that is contrary to most rational and enlightened freedom, or that is inimical to the true spirit of the British Constitution. Through the whole of his writings, there breathes a strong spirit of liberty, and patriotic zeal, which the spirit of party, at the time, by construing general sentiments into particular reflection, perverted; and thus made that his crime which was his greatest merit. In the dedication to Gustavus Vasa, he has taken some pains to vindicate himself from the charge of disaffection; and that very successfully. His most intimate friends always declared, that he possessed the purest integrity of heart, and the firmest attachment to the succession of the House of Brunswick; and with all that ardent love of liberty which he possessed, he never in conversation uttered a sentiment which could tend to excite sedition, or awaken discontent. In the intercourse of private life, his conduct was very amiable. - In his manners, he was mild and unassuming; and his talk was always rational, and amusing. Upon the whole, we cannot hesitate to place him very high among the writers of the English language; and we can hardly refuse him that praise, which a great poet has so liberally bestowed on him.

Shakespere's no more---lost was the poet's name,
Till thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to fame.
Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,
You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb ;
Taught the declining muse again to soar,
And to *Britannia* gave one poet more.

P. WHITEHEAD.

Mr. Brooke enjoyed a paternal estate, in the county of Cavan ; and, for a great part of his life, was Barrack Master of Mullingar, in the county of Westmeath, Ireland. Regretted in his death, as he had been beloved in his life, he died in Dublin, on the 10th day of October 1783.

His Dramatic Works are,

Gustavus Vasa, Tragedy, 1738.
The Earl of Westmoreland, Tragedy, 1741.
Little John and the Giants, Comic Opera, 1746.
The Earl of Essex, Tragedy, 1761.
Anthony and Cleopatra, Tragedy.
The Impostor, Tragedy.
Cymbeline, Tragedy.
Montezuma, Tragedy.
The Vestal Virgin, Tragedy.
The Contending Brothers, Comedy.
The Charitable Association, Comedy.
The Female Officer, Comedy.
The Marriage Contract, Comedy.
Ruth, Oratoric.

His other Works are,

Universal Beauty, a Poem.

Translations from Tasso.

Fables published by Mr. E. Moore.

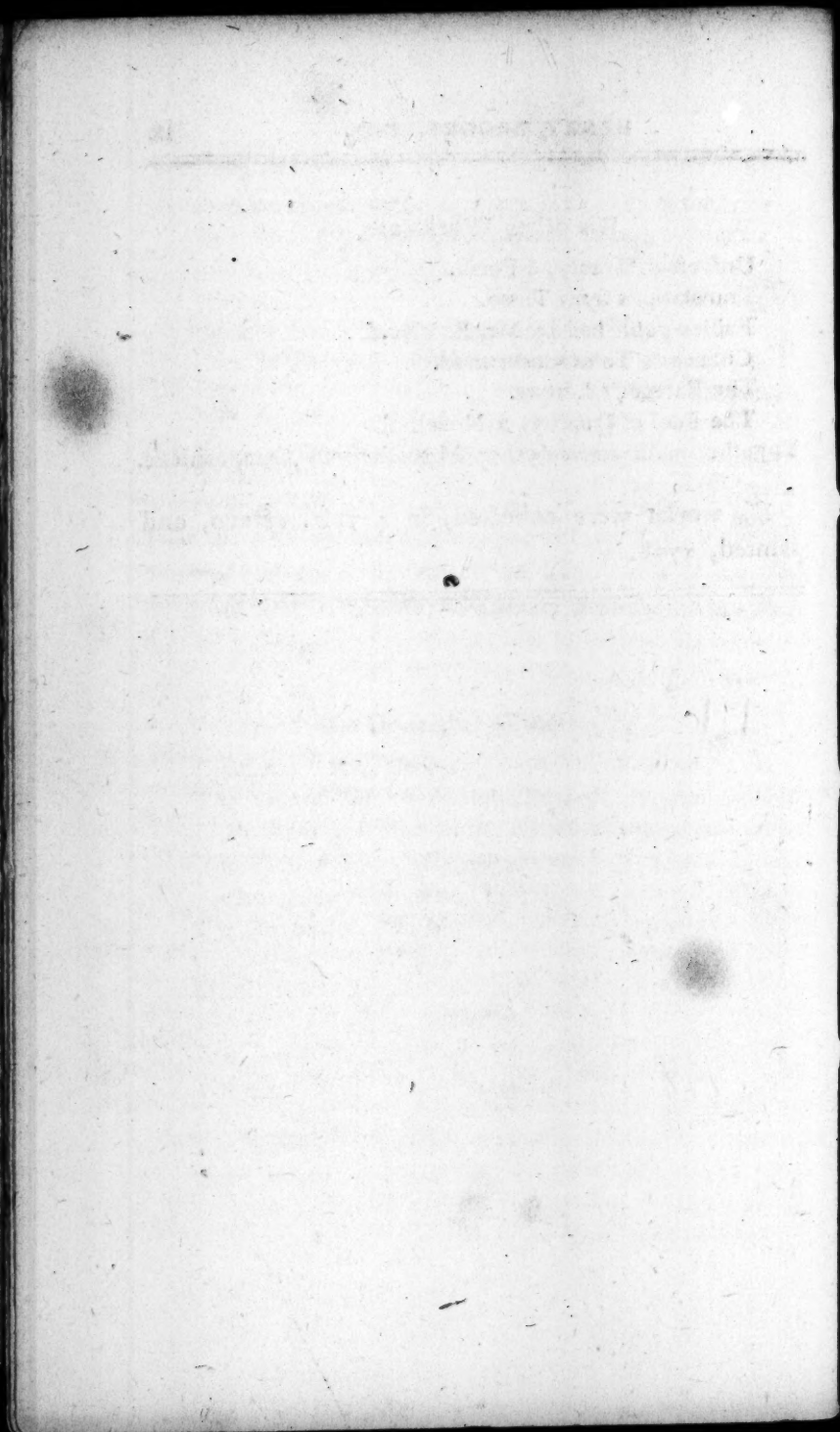
Chaucer's Tales modernized.

The Farmer's Letters.

The Fool of Quality, a Novel.

Together with sundry other Miscellaneous Compositions.

His works were collected, in 4 vols, octavo, and printed, 1778.



GUSTAVUS VASA.

THIS Play is deservedly esteemed, as the best of the Dramatic Pieces of Mr. Brooke; and, certainly possesses a very considerable degree of merit. It may, perhaps, hardly be thought too much to say, that it justly ranks in the first class of the productions of this Country. The author has chosen one of the most important æras in the history of Sweden, when brutal tyranny had usurped the throne of freedom and of justice, and lorded it over an oppressed nation; and has made his hero, GUSTAVUS, all that we can wish in the saviour of his people. His courage never degenerates into ferocity; and in the midst of danger and of conquest, his conduct is tempered by humanity and feeling. Conscious, that the first duty he owes is to his country, he throughout makes every thing subservient to that one end; and regards only that, whether he is obscured in the darkness of a mine, or glittering in the front ranks of war. Indeed all the characters in this play are drawn by the pen of a master. ---Cristina is all that is tender, all that is lovely in woman; and Augusta is a perfect Roman matron.---Cristiern is all that we despise; and Arvida all that we love in human nature.---Sivard is the fierce soldier, open, generous, and brave; while Trollio is painted, in strong colours, a wicked and corrupt minister. The plot is altogether ingeniously laid, and well conducted. If there be room for objection any where, it is in the language not being always so lofty and elegantly polished as, perhaps, Tragedy requires,

It would be rather an invidious task to point out particular beauties; but the first act is better written than any of

the others; and the description of Gustavus brooding over the miseries of Sweden, in the first scene, is exquisitely beautiful.

- ‘ I saw, as some bold peasants late deplor’d
- ‘ Their country’s bondage, sudden passion seiz’d,
- ‘ And bore him from his seeming ; straight his form
- ‘ Was turn’d to terror, ruin fill’d his eye,
- ‘ And his proud step appear’d to awe the world,
- ‘ When check’d, as through an impotence of rage,
- ‘ Damp sadness soon usurp’d upon his brow,
- ‘ And the big tear roll’d graceful down his visage.’

In the speech of Gustavus, in the same scene, wherein he describes the massacre at Stockholm, there is as much of the *terrible* as in any thing in our language.

- ‘ When Cristiern seiz’d upon the hour of peace,
- ‘ And drench’d the hospitable floor with blood,
- ‘ Then, &c. &c.-----
- ‘ Invention wanton’d in the toil of infants
- ‘ Stabb’d on the breast,’ &c. &c.-----

In the Fifth Act, the speech of Laertes describing Gustavus in battle, is as highly finished as language can be.--- Many other passages equally fine might be pointed out; but these are enough to make this Play rank very high, and for it to be generally read; and after a perusal of the noble sentiments it contains.

- ‘ Ev’ry breast must swell
- ‘ With ampler scope to take its country in,
- ‘ And breathe the cause of virtue.’

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PREFATORY
DEDICATION
TO THE
SUBSCRIBERS.

AS I esteemed it my happiness to live under a government, where national liberty was established by law, and the rights of subjects interwoven with their allegiance, so I ever thought it my safety to act with such allowable freedom, as did not contradict any of our written and known regulations.

Though inconsiderable in myself, I am yet a subject of Great Britain; and the privileges of her meanest member are dear to the whole constitution.

Among those privileges, I claim that of justifying my conduct, I claim that of defending my property, and wish I could do both without giving disgust, even to those by whose censures I am a sufferer.

When I wrote the following sheets, I had studied the ancient laws of my country, but was not conversant with her present political state. I did not consider things minutely; in the general view, I liked our constitution, and zealously wished that the reli-

glion, the laws, and liberties of England might ever be sacred and safe. I had nothing to fear or hope from party, or preferment. My attachments were only to truth: I was conscious of no other principles, and was far from apprehending that such could be offensive.

I took my subject from the History of Sweden, one of those Gothic and glorious nations, from whom our form of government is derived, from whom Britain has inherited those unextinguishable sparks of liberty and patriotism, that were her light through the ages of ignorance and superstition, her flaming sword turned every way against invasion, and that vital heat which has so often preserved her, so often restored her, from intestine malignities. Those are the sparks, the gems, that alone give true ornament and brightness to the crown of a British monarch; that give him freely to reign over the free, and shall ever set him above the princes of the earth, till corruption grows universal, till subjects wish to be slaves, and kings know not how to be happy.

I was pleased with the similitude between the principles, and, as I may say, between the natural constitutions of Sweden and Britain. I looked no further for sentiments, than as they arose from facts; and for the facts I am indebted to history: nay, I ingenuously confess, I was so far from a view of

merit with the disaffected, that I looked upon this performance as the highest compliment I could pay the present establishment—Such was my ignorance, or such is my misfortune.

Many are the difficulties a new author has to encounter in introducing his play on the stage. I had the good fortune to surmount them. This piece was about five weeks in rehearsal; the day was appointed for acting; I had disposed of many hundred tickets; and imagined I had nothing to fear, but from the weakness of the performance.

But, then it was, that where I looked for approbation, I met with repulse. I was condemned and punished in my works, without being accused of any crime; and made obnoxious to the government under which I live, without having it in my power to alter my conduct, or knowing in what instance I had given offence.

However singular and unprecedented this treatment may appear, had I conceived it to be the intention of the legislature, I should have submitted without complaining; or had any, among hundreds who have perused the manuscript, observed but a single line that might inadvertently tend to sedition or immorality, I would then have been the first to strike it out; I would now be the last to publish it.

Had the dignity of the Lord Chamberlain's office condescended, as some would insinuate, to a theatrical examination of the drama, to a critical inquisition of the conduct, the unities, and tricks of scenery, even so I might have hoped for equal indulgence with farces, pantomimes, and other performances of like taste and genius.

But this is not the case: the Lord Chamberlain's office is alone concerned in those reasons which gave birth to the statute; it is to guard against such representations as he may conceive to be of pernicious influence in the commonwealth; this is the only point to which his prohibitions are understood to extend, and his prohibition lays me under the necessity of publishing this piece, to convince the public, that (though of no valuable consequence) I am at least inoffensive.

Patriotism, or the love of one's country, is the great and single moral which I had in view through this play. This love (so superior in its nature to all other interests and affections) is personated in the character of Gustavus. It is the love of national welfare; national welfare is national liberty; and he alone can be conscious of it, he alone can contribute to the support of it, who is personally free.

By personal freedom I mean that state resulting

from virtue, or reason ruling in the breast, superior to appetite and passion ; and by national freedom, I mean a security (arising from the nature of a well-ordered constitution) for those advantages and privileges that each man has a right to, by contributing as a member to the weal of that community.

The monarch, or head of such a constitution, is as the father of a large and well-regulated family ; his subjects are not servants, but sons ; their care, their affections, their attachments are reciprocal, and their interest is one—is not to be divided.

This is truly to reign ; this only is to reign. How glorious, how extensive is the prerogative of such a monarch ! He is superior to subjects, each of whom is equal to any monarch, who is only superior to slaves. He is sceptered in the hearts of his people, from whence he directs their hands with double force and energy. His office partakes of the divine inclination, by being exerted to no other end but the happiness of a people.

Oh, never may any subtleties, any insinuations, raise groundless jealousies in a people so governed ! never may they be influenced to imagine that such a prince is invading their rights, while he is only solicitous to confirm and preserve them !

And never may any ministry, any adulation, seduce such a prince from that his true interest and honour!

I should not have had the assurance to solicit a subscription in favour of sentiments that any circumstance could ever make me retract. These, and these only, are the principles of which you are patrons: and the honourable names prefixed to this performance, lay me under such a future obligation of conduct, as shall ever make me cautious of forfeiting the advantages I receive from them. They are also to me a lasting memorial of that gratitude with which I am,*

Your most obliged, most faithful,

And most humble servant,

HENRY BROOKE.

* The author was favoured with a very numerous and respectable subscription.

PROLOGUE

BRITONS! this night presents a state distress'd,
Though brave, yet vanquish'd; and though great,
oppress'd;

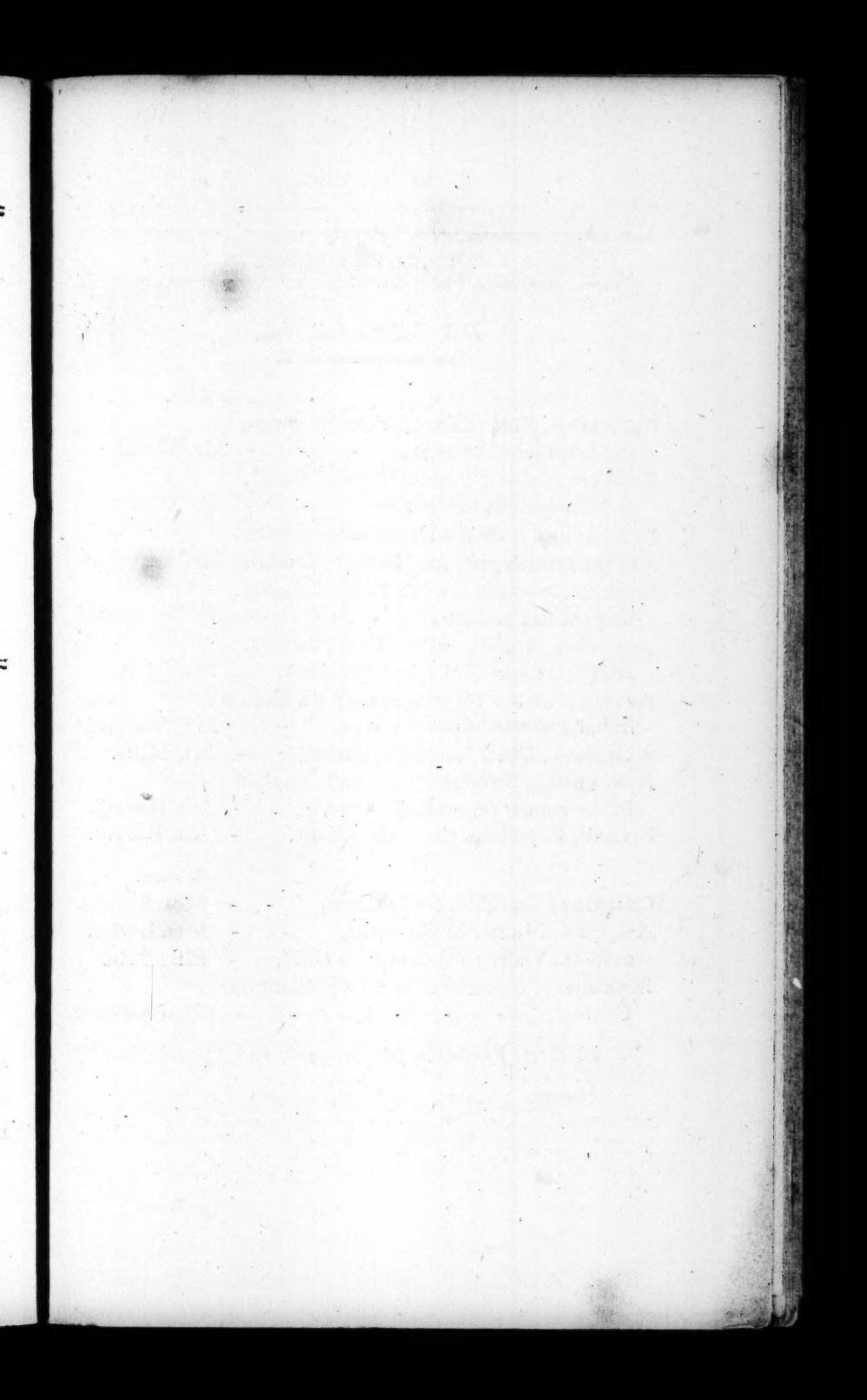
Vice, raving vulture, on her vitals prey'd,
Her peers, her prelates, sell corruption sway'd;
Their rights, for pow'r, th' ambitious weakly sold,
The wealthy, poorly, for superfluous gold.
Hence wasting ills, hence sev'ring factions rose,
And gave large entrance to invading foes;
Truth, justice, honour, fled th' infected shore,
For freedom, sacred freedom, was no more.

Then, greatly rising in his country's right.
Her hero, her deliverer, sprung to light;
A race of hardy, northern sons he led,
Guiltless of courts, untainted, and unread,
Whose inborn spirit spurn'd th' ignoble fee,
Whose hands scorn'd bondage, for their hearts were free.

*Ask ye what law their conqu'ring cause confess'd?
Great Nature's law, the law within the breast;
Form'd by no art, and to no sect confin'd,
But stamp'd by Heaven upon th' unletter'd mind,*

*Such, such, of old, the first-born natives were,
Who breath'd the virtues of Britannia's air;
Their realm, when mighty Cæsar vainly sought,
For mightier freedom against Cæsar fought,
And rudely drove the fam'd invader home,
To tyrannize o'er polish'd—venal Rome.*

*Our bard, exalted in a free-born flame,
To ev'ry nation would transfer this claim:
He to no state, no climate bounds his page,
He bids the moral beam through ev'ry age;
Then be your judgment gen'rous as his plan,
Ye sons of freedom!—save the friend of man.*



Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

CRISTIERN, King of Denmark and Norway, and Usurper of Sweden,	- - -	Mr. Wright.
TROLLIO, a Swede, Archbishop of Upsal, and Vicegerent to Cristiern,	- - -	Mr. Cibber.
PETERSON, a Swedish Nobleman, secretly of the Danish party, and friend to Trollio,		Mr. Turbutt.
LAERTES, a young Danish Nobleman, at- tendant to Cristiern,	- - -	Mr. Woodward.
GUSTAVUS, formerly General of the Swedes, and first cousin to the deceased King,	-	Mr. Quin.
ARVIDA, of the royal blood of Sweden, friend and cousin to Gustavus,	- -	Mr. Milward.
ANDERSON, Chief Lord of Dalecarlia,	-	Mr. Mills.
ARNOLDUS, a Swedish Priest, and Chaplain in the copper mines of Dalecarlia,	-	Mr. Havard.
SIVARD, Captain of the Dalecarlians,	-	Mr. Ridout.

Women.

CRISTINA, Daughter to Cristiern,	- -	Mrs. Giffard.
AUGUSTA, Mother to Gustavus,	- -	Mrs. Butler.
GUSTAVA, Sister to Gustavus, a child,	-	Miss Cole.
MARIANA, Attendant and Confidant to Cristina,	- - - - -	Mrs. Chetwood.

Soldiers, Peasants, Messengers, and Attendants.

Scene---*Dalecarlia, a Northern Province in Sweden.*



GUSTAVUS VASA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The inside of the Copper-Mines in Dalecarlia. ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, and Servants enter, with Torches.

Anderson.

You tell me wonders.

Arn. Soft, behold, my lord, [*Points behind the Scenes.*]
Behold him stretch'd, where reigns eternal night,
The flint his pillow, and cold damps his cov'ring;
Yet, bold of spirit, and robust of limb,
He throws inclemency aside, nor feels
The lot of human frailty.

And. What horrors hang around! the savage race
Ne'er hold their den but where some glimm'ring ray
May bring the cheer of morn—What then is he?
His dwelling marks a secret in his soul,
And whispers somewhat more than man about him.

Arn. Draw but the veil of his apparent wretchedness,
And you shall find his form is but assum'd,
To hoard some wondrous treasure lodg'd within.

And. Let him bear up to what thy praises speak him,
And I will win him, spite of his reserve,
Bind him with sacred friendship to my soul,
And make him half myself.

Arn. 'Tis nobly promis'd ;
For worth is rare, and wants a friend in Sweden :
And yet I tell thee, in her age of heroes,
When nurs'd by freedom, all her sons grew great,
And ev'ry peasant was a prince in virtue,
I greatly err, or this abandon'd stranger
Had stepp'd the first for fame, though now he seeks
To veil his name, and cloud his shine of virtues :
For there is danger in them.

And. True, Arnoldus.
Were there a prince throughout the scepter'd globe,
Who search'd out merit for its due preferment,
With half that care our tyrant seeks it out
For ruin, happy, happy were that state,
Beyond the golden fable of those pure
And earliest ages—Wherefore this, good Heav'n ?
Is it of fate, that who assumes a crown
Throws off humanity ?

Arn. So Cristiern holds.
He claims our country as by right of conquest,
A right to ev'ry wrong. Ev'n now 'tis said,
The tyrant envies what our mountains yield
Of health or aliment ; he comes upon us,
Attended by a num'rous host, to seize
These last retreats of our expiring liberty.

And. Say'st thou ?

Arn. This rising day, this instant hour,
Thus chased, we stand upon the utmost brink
Of steep perdition, and must leap the precipice,
Or turn upon our hunters.

And. Now, Gustavus!

Thou prop and glory of inglorious Sweden,
Where art thou, mightiest man?—Were he but here—
I'll tell thee, my Arnoldus, I beheld him,
Then when he first drew sword, serene and dreadful,
As the brow'd evening ere the thunder break:
For soon he made it toilsome to our eyes
To mark his speed, and trace the paths of conquest.
In vain we follow'd where he swept the field;
'Twas death alone could wait upon Gustavus.

Arn. He was indeed whate'er our wish could form
him.

And. Array'd and beauteous in the blood of Danes,
Th' invaders of his country, thrice he chased
This Cristiern, this fell conqu'ror, this usurper,
With rout and foul dishonour at his heels,
To plunge his head in Denmark.

Arn. Nor ever had the tyrant known return,
To tread our necks, and blend us with the dust,
Had he not dar'd to break through ev'ry law
That sanctifies the nations; seiz'd our hero,
The pledge of specious treaty, tore him from us,
And led him chain'd to Denmark.

And. Then we fell.

If still he lives, we yet may learn to rise;

But never can I dare to rest a hope
On any arm but his.

Arn. And yet, I trust,
This stranger, that delights to dwell with darkness,
Unknown, unfriended, compass'd round with wretch-
edness,

Conceals some mighty purpose in his breast,
Now lab'ring into birth.

And. When came he hither?

Arn. Six moons have chang'd upon the face of
night,

Since here he first arriv'd, in servile weeds,
But yet of mien majestic. I observ'd him,
And ever as I gaz'd, some nameless charm,
A wondrous greatness, not to be conceal'd,
Broke through his form, and aw'd my soul before him.
Amid these mines he earns the hireling's portion,
His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow
Sits patience, bathed in the laborious drop
Of painful industry—I oft have sought,
With friendly tender of some worthier service,
To win him from his temper; but he shuns
All offers, yet declin'd with graceful act,
Engaging beyond utt'rance. And at eve,
When all retire to some domestic solace,
He only stays, and, as you see, the earth
Receives him to her dark and cheerless bosom.

And. Has no un-ary moment e'er betray'd
The labours of his soul, some fav'rite grief,
Whereon to raise conjecture?

Arn. I saw, as some bold peasants late deplor'd
 Their country's bondage, sudden passion seiz'd
 And bore him from his seeming; straight his form
 Was turn'd to terror, ruin fill'd his eye,
 And his proud step appear'd to awe the world;
 When check'd, as through an impotence of rage,
 Damp sadness soon usurp'd upon his brow,
 And the big tear roll'd graceful down his visage.

And. Your words imply a man of much importance.

Arn. So I suspected, and at dead of night
 Stole on his slumbers; his full heart was busy,
 And oft his tongue pronounc'd the hated name
 Of—'bloody Cristiern'—There he seem'd to pause,
 And, recollected to one voice, he cry'd,
 'Oh, Sweden! Oh, my country! Yet I'll save thee.'

And. Forbear; he rises—Heav'ns, what majesty!

GUSTAVUS enters.

Your pardon, stranger, if the voice of virtue,
 If cordial amity from man to man,
 And somewhat that should whisper to the soul,
 To seek and cheer the sufferer, led me hither,
 Impatient to salute thee. Be it thine
 Alone to point the path of friendship out,
 And my best power shall wait upon thy fortunes.

Gus. Yes, gen'rous man! there is a wondrous test,
 The truest, worthiest, noblest cause for friendship;
 Dearer than life, than int'rest, or alliance.
 And equal to your virtues.

And. Say, unfold.

Gus. Art thou a soldier, a chief lord in Sweden,
And yet a stranger to thy country's voice,
That loudly calls the hidden patriot forth?
But what 's a soldier? What 's a lord in Sweden?
All worth is fled or fall'n; nor has a life
Been spar'd, but for dishonour; spar'd to breed
More slaves for Denmark, to beget a race
Of new-born virgins for th' unsated lust
Of our new masters. Sweden, thou art no more!
Queen of the north! thy land of liberty,
Thy house of heroes, and thy seat of virtues,
Is now the tomb where thy brave sons lie speechless,
And foreign snakes engender.

And. Oh, 'tis true!

But wherefore? To what purpose?

Gus. Think of Stockholm.

When Cristiern seiz'd upon the hour of peace,
And drench'd the hospitable floor with blood,
Then fell the flow'r of Sweden, mighty names!
Her hoary senators, and gasping patriots.
The tyrant spoke, and his licentious band
Of blood-train'd ministry were loos'd to ruin.
Invention wanton'd in the toil of infants
Stabb'd on the breast, or reeking on the points
Of sportive javelins. Husbands, sons, and sires,
With dying ears drank in the loud despair
Of shrieking chastity. The waste of war
Was peace and friendship to this civil massacre.
Oh, Heav'n and Earth! Is there a cause for this?
For sin without temptation, calm, cool villany,
Delib'rate mischief, unimpassion'd lust,

And smiling murder? Lie thou there, my soul:
Sleep, sleep upon it, image not the form
Of any dream but this, till time grows pregnant,
And thou canst wake to vengeance.

And. Thou 'st greatly mov'd me. Ha! thy tears
start forth.

Yes, let them flow, our country's fate demands them;
I too will mingle mine, while yet 'tis left us
To weep in secret, and to sigh with safety.
But wherefore talk of vengeance? 'Tis a word
Should be engraven on the new-fall'n snow,
Where the first beam may melt it from observance.
Vengeance on Cristiern! Norway and the Dane,
The sons of Sweden, all the peopled north,
Bends at his nod—My humbler boast of pow'r
Meant not to cope with crowns.

Gus. Then what remains

Is briefly this; your friendship has my thanks,
But must not my acceptance. Never—no——
First sink, thou baleful mansion, to the centre,
And be thy darkness doubled round my head,
Ere I forsake thee for the bliss of Paradise,
To be enjoy'd beneath a tyrant's sceptre:
No, that were wilful slav'ry—Freedom is
The brilliant gift of Heaven, 'tis reason's self,
The kin of deity—I will not part it.

And. Nor I, while I can hold it; but, alas!
That is not in our choice.

Gus. Why? Where's that power whose engines are
of force

To bend the brave and virtuous man to slav'ry?
Base fear, the laziness of lust, gross appetites,
These are the ladders, and the groveling foot-stool,
From whence the tyrant rises on our wrongs,
Secure and scepter'd in the soul's servility.
He has debauch'd the genius of our country,
And rides triumphant, while her captive sons
Await his nod, the silken slaves of pleasure,
Or fetter'd in their fears.

And. I apprehend you.

No doubt, a base submission to our wrongs,
May well be term'd a voluntary bondage:
But think the heavy hand of power is on us;
Of power, from whose imprisonment and chains
Not all our free-born virtue can protect us.

Gus. 'Tis there you err: for I have felt their force;
And had I yielded to enlarge these limbs,
Or share the tyrant's empire on the terms
Which he propos'd, I were a slave indeed.
No, in the deep and deadly damp of dungeons,
The soul can rear her sceptre, smile in anguish,
And triumph o'er oppression.

And. O, glorious spirit! Think not I am slack
To relish what thy noble scope intends;
But then the means, the peril, and the consequence!
Great are the odds, and who shall dare the trial?

Gus. I dare,
Oh, wert thou still that gallant chief
Whom once I knew! I could unfold a purpose,
Would make the greatness of thy heart to swell,
And burst in the conception.

And. Give it utterance.

Perhaps there lie some embers yet in Sweden,
Which, waken'd by thy breath, might rise in flames,
And spread vindictive round. You say you know me;
But give a tongue to such a cause as this,
And if you hold me tardy in the call,
You know me not. But thee I've surely known;
For there is somewhat in that voice, and form,
Which has alarm'd my soul to recollection:
But 't is as in a dream, and mocks my reach.

Gus. Then name the man whom it is death to know;
Or, knowing, to conceal—and I am he.

And. Gustavus! Heav'ns! 'Tis he! 'tis he himself!

ARVIDA enters, speaking to a Servant.

Arv. I thank you, friend; he's here; you may retire. *[Exit Servant.]*

And. Good morning to my noble guest; you're early. *[Gustavus walks apart.]*

Arv. I come to take a short and hasty leave.

'Tis said, that from the mountain's neighb'ring brow
The canvas of a thousand tents appears,
Whitening the vale—Suppose the tyrant there;
You know my safety lies not in the interview—
Ha! what is he, who, in the shreds of slav'ry
Supports a step superior to the state
And insolence of ermine.

Gus. Sure that voice

Was once the voice of friendship and Arvida!

Arv. Ha! Yes, 'tis he!—ye pow'rs, it is Gustavus!

Gus. Thou brother of adoption! In the bond
Of ev'ry virtue wedded to my soul,
Enter my heart: it is thy property.

Arv. I'm lost in joy, and wondrous circumstance.

Gus. Yet, wherefore, my Arvida, wherefore is it,
That in a place, and at a time like this,
We should thus meet? Can Cristiern cease from
cruelty?

Say, whence is this, my brother? How escap'd you?
Did I not leave thee in the Danish dungeon?

Arv. Of that hereafter. Let me view thee first.
How graceful is the garb of wretchedness
When worn by virtue! Fashions turn to folly,
Their colours tarnish, and their pomps grow poor
To her magnificence.

Gus. Yes, my Arvida;
Beyond the sweeping of the proudest train
That shades a monarch's heel, I prize these weeds:
For they are sacred to my country's freedom.
A mighty enterprize has been conceiv'd,
And thou art come auspicious to the birth,
As sent to fix the seal of heav'n upon it.

Arv. Point but thy purpose—let it be to bleed—

Gus. Your hands, my friends.

All. Our hearts.

Gus. I know they're brave.
Of such the time has need, of hearts like yours,
Faithful and firm; of hands inur'd and strong:

For we must ride upon the neck of danger,
And plunge into a purpose big with death.

And. Here let us kneel, and bind us to thy side.

By all——

Gus. No, hold—if we want oaths to join us,
Swift let us part, from pole to pole asunder.
A cause like ours is its own sacrament;
Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty,
Th' eternal links that clasp the world, are in it.
And he who breaks their sanction, breaks all law,
And infinite connection.

Arn. True, my lord:

And. And such the force I feel.

Arv. And I.

Arn. And all.

Gus. Know then, that ere our royal Stenon fell,
While this my valiant cousin and myself,
By chains and treach'ry lay detain'd in Denmark,
Upon a dark and unsuspected hour,
The bloody Cristiern sought to take my head.
Thanks to the ruling power, within whose eye
Imbosom'd ills, and mighty treasons roll,
Prevented of their blackness—I escap'd,
Led by a gen'rous arm, and some time lay
Conceal'd in Denmark; for my forfeit head
Became the price of crowns. Each port and path
Was shut against my passage; till I heard
That Stenon, valiant Stenon, fell in battle,
And freedom was no more. Oh, then what bounds
Had pow'r to hem the desp'rate? I o'erpass'd them,

Travers'd all Sweden, through ten thousand foes,
Impending perils, and surrounding tongues,
That from himself enquir'd Gustavus out.
Witness, my country, how I toil'd to wake
Thy sons to liberty—In vain : for fear,
Cold fear had seiz'd on all——Here last I came,
And shut me from the sun, whose hateful beams
Serv'd but to shew the ruins of my country.
When here, my friends, 'twas here, at length, I
found,

What I had left to look for, gallant spirits,
In the rough form of untaught peasantry.

And. Indeed they once were brave : our Dalecarlians
Have oft been known to give a law to kings ;
And as their only wealth has been their liberty,
From all th' unmeasur'd graspings of ambition
Have held that gem untouch'd—though now 'tis
fear'd——

Gus. It is not fear'd—I say, they still shall hold it.
I've search'd these men, and find them like the soil,
Barren without, and to the eye unlovely ;
But they've their mines within ; and this the day
In which I mean to prove them.

Arn. O, Gustavus !
Most aptly hast thou caught the passing hour,
Upon whose critical and fated hinge
The state of Sweden turns.

Gus. And to this hour
I've therefore held me in this darksome womb,
That sends me forth as to a second birth

Of freedom, or through death to reach eternity.
This day return'd with ev'ry circling year,
In thousands pours the mountain peasants forth,
Each with his batter'd arms and rusty helm,
In sportive discipline well train'd, and prompt
Against the day of peril. Thus disguis'd,
Already have I stirr'd their latent sparks
Of slumb'ring virtue, apt as I could wish,
To warm before the lightest breath of liberty.

Arn. How will they kindle, when confess'd to view,
Once more their lov'd Gustavus stands before them,
And pours his blaze of virtues on their souls!

Arn. It cannot fail.

And. It has a glorious aspect,

Arn. Now, Sweden, rise and re-assert thy rights,
Or be for ever fall'n.

And. Then be it so.

Arn. Lead on, thou arm of war,
To death or victory,

Gus. Let us embrace.

Why, thus, my friends, thus join'd in such a cause,
Are we not equal to a host of slaves?
You say the foe's at hand—Why, let them come;
Steep are our hills, nor easy of access,
And few the hours we ask for their reception:
For I will take these rustic sons of liberty
In the first warmth and hurry of their souls;
And should the tyrant then attempt our heights,
He comes upon his fate—Arise, thou sun!
Haste, haste to rouse thee to the call of liberty,

That shall once more salute thy morning beam,
And hail thee to thy setting.

Arn. O bless'd voice!

Prolong that note but one short day through Sweden,
And though the sun and life should set together,
It matters not—we shall have liv'd that day.

Arv. Were it not worth the hazard of a life,
To know if Cristiern leads his powers in person,
And what his scope intends? Be mine that task,
Ev'n to the tyrant's tent I'll win my way,
And mingle with his councils.

Gus. Go, my friend.

Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls,
Friends, sons, and sires should yield their treasure up,
Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.
But tell me, my Arvida, ere thou goest,
Tell me what hand has made thy friend its debtor,
And giv'n thee up to freedom and Gustavus?

Arv. Ha! let me think of that, 'tis sure she loves
him.

[*Aside.*

Away thou skance and jaundic'd eye of jealousy,
That tempts my soul to sicken at perfection;
Away! I will unfold it——To thyself
Arvida owes his freedom.

Gus. How, my friend?

Arv. Some months are pass'd since in the Danish
dungeon

With care emaciate, and unwholesome damps
Sick'ning, I lay, chain'd to my flinty bed,
And call'd on death to ease me——straight a light

Shone round, as when the ministry of heav'n
Descends to kneeling saints. But, oh! the form
That pour'd upon my sight——Ye angels, speak!
For ye alone are like her; or present
Such visions pictur'd to the nightly-eye
Of fancy tranc'd in bliss. She then approach'd,
The softest pattern of embodied meekness,
For pity had divinely touch'd her eye,
And harmoniz'd her motions——Ah, she cry'd,
Unhappy stranger, art not thou the man
Whose virtues have endear'd thee to Gustavus?

Gus. Gustavus did she say?

Arv. Yes, yes, her lips

Breath'd forth that name with a peculiar sweetness,
Loos'd from my bonds, I rose, at her command,
When, scarce recov'ring speech, I would have kneel'd,
But haste thee, haste thee for thy life, she cry'd;
And O, if e'er thy envied eyes behold
Thy lov'd Gustavus, say, a gentle foe
Has giv'n thee to his friendship.

Gus. You've much amaz'd me! Is her name a
secret?

Arv. To me it is——but you perhaps may guess.

Gus. No, on my word.

Arv. You too had your deliv'rer.

Gus. A kind, but not a fair one——Well my friends,
Our cause is ripe, and calls us forth to action
Tread ye not lighter? Swells not ev'ry breast
With ampler scope to take your country in,
And breathe the cause of virtue? Rise, ye Swedes!

Rise greatly equal to this hour's importance.
On us the eyes of future ages wait,
And this day's arm strikes forth decisive fate;
This day, that shall for ever sink—or save;
And make each Swede a monarch—or a slave.

[*Exeunt*,

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Camp. CRISTIERN, Attendants, &c. *enter.*
TROLLIO *meets him.*

Trollio.

ALL hail, most mighty of the thrones of Europe!
The morn salutes thee with auspicious brightness,
No vapour frowns prophetic on her brow,
But the clear sun, who travels with thy arms,
Still smiles, attendant on thy growing greatness:
His evening eye shall see thee peaceful lord
Of all the north, of utmost Scandinavia;
Whence thou may'st pour thy conquests o'er the
earth,

Till farthest India glows beneath thy empire,
And Lybia knows no regal name but yours.

Crist. Yes, Trollio, I confess the godlike thirst,
Ambition, that wou'd drink a sea of glory.
But what from Dalecarlia?

Troll. Late last night,

I sent a trusty slave to Peterson,
And hourly wait some tidings.

Crist. Think you?—Sure

The wretches will not dare such quick perdition!

Troll. I think they will not—Though of old I know
them

All born to broils, the very sons of tumult;
Waste is their wealth, and mutiny their birthright,
And this the yearly fever of their blood,
Their holiday of war; a day apart,
Torn out from peace, and sacred to rebellion.
Oft has their battle hung upon the brow
Of yon wild steep, a living cloud of mischiefs,
Pregnant with plagues, and empty'd on the heads
Of many a monarch.

Crist. Monarchs they were not,
Pageants of wax, the mouldings of the populace,
Tame, paltry idols, scepter'd up for show,
And garnish'd into royalty—No, Trollio,
Kings should be felt if they would find obedience;
The beast has sense enough to know his rider:
When the knee trembles, and the hand grows slack,
He casts for liberty; but bends, and turns
For him that leaps with boldness on his back,
And spurs him to the bit.

*A Gentleman Usher, and several Peasants, enter, who
kneel and bow at a distance.*

Crist. What slaves are those?

Gent. My gracious liege, your subjects.

Crist. Whence ?

Gent. Of Sweden,

From Angermannia, from Helsingia some,
Some from Gentian and Nerician provinces.

Crist. Their business ?

Gent. They come to speak their griefs.

Crist. Their griefs ? their insolence !

Is not the camel mute beneath his burthen ?
Were they not born to bear ? Away !—Hold ! come,
What would these murmurers ?

Gent. Most royal Cristiern,

They say they have but one—one gracious king,
And yet are bow'd beneath a host of tyrants,
Task-masters, soldiers, gatherers of subsidies,
All officers of rapine, rape, and murder ;
Will-doing potentates, the lords of licence,
Who weigh their sweat and blood, and heavier shame,
Ev'n as a feather puff'd away in sport,
The pastime of a gale.

Crist. I'll hear no more ;

I know ye, well I know ye, ye base supplicants ;
Fear is the only worship of your souls,
And ever where ye hate, ye yield obeisance.
Wretches ! Shall I go poring on the earth,
Lest my imperial foot should tread on emmets ?
Is it for you I must controul my soldiers,
And coop my eagles from their carrion ? No——
Are ye not commoners, vile things in nature,
Poor priceless peasants ? Slaves can know no property !
Out of my sight !

[*Exeunt Peasants.*]

ARVIDA *enters guarded, and a Gentleman.*

Arv. Now, fate, I'm caught, and what remains is obvious.

Gent. A prisoner, good my lord.

Crist. When taken?

Gent. Now, ev'n here, before your tent;
I mark'd his careless action, but his eye
Of studied observation—then his port
And base attire ill-suiting—I enquir'd,
But found he was a stranger.

Crist. Ha! observe.

(Damn'd affectation) what a sullen scorn
Knits up his brow, and frowns upon our presence.
What—ay—thou would'st be thought a mystery,
Some greatness in eclipse—Whence art thou, slave?
Silent! Nay, then—Bring forth the torture there—
A smile! Damnation!—How the wretch assumes
The wreck of state, the suff'ring soul of majesty.
What, have we no pre-eminence—no claim?
Dost thou not know thy life is in our power?

Arv. 'Tis therefore I despise it.

Crist. Matchless insolence!

What art thou? Speak!

Arv. Be sure no friend to thee:
For I'm a foe to tyrants.

Crist. Fiends and fire!——

A whirlwind tear thee, most audacious traitor!

Arv. Do, rage and chafe, thy wrath's beneath me,
Cristiern.

How poor thy power, how empty is thy happiness,
When such a wretch, as I appear to be,
Can ride thy temper, harrow up thy form,
And stretch thy soul upon the rack of passion!

Crist. I'll know thee—I will know thee! Bear him
hence!

Why, what are kings, if slaves can brave us thus?
Go, Trollio, hold him to the rack—Tear, search him,
Prove him through ev'ry poignance, sting him deep.

[Exit Trollio with Arvida guarded.]

A Messenger enters, as in haste.

Crist. What would'st thou, fellow?

Mess. O, my sovereign lord,
I am come fast and far, from ev'n till morn,
Five times I've cross'd the shade of sleepless night,
Impatient of thy presence.

Crist. Whence?

Mess. From Denmark;
Commended from the consort of thy throne
To speed and privacy.

Crist. Your words wou'd taste of terror—Wretch,
speak out,

Nor dare to tremble here—for didst thou bear
Thy tidings from a thousand leagues around,
Unmov'd, I move the whole, the cent'ring nave,
Where turns that mighty circle—Speak thy message.

Mess. A secret malady, my gracious liege,
Some factious vapour, risen from off the skirts
Of southmost Norway, has diffus'd its bane,
And rages now within the heart of Denmark.

Crist. It must not, cannot—'tis impossible !
What, my own Danes ? Nay, then the world wants
weeding.

I will not bear it—Hell ! I 'd rather see
This earth a desert desolate and wild,
And like the lion stalk my lonely round,
Famish'd and roaring for my prey.—Call Trollio,
I 'll have men studied, deeply read in mischiefs.

A Servant enters, who kneels and delivers a letter.

Crist. From whom ?

Serv. From Peterson.

Crist. To Trollio—Right.

[*Reads.*

How 's this ?—Begone—

Go all—without there—wait my pleasure.

O curse ! How hell has tim'd its plagues !

TROLLIO enters.

Crist. Come near, my Trollio.

We 've heard ill news from Denmark—that 's a trifle—
But here's to blast thy eyes—Read—

Troll. Ha ! Gustavus !

So near us—and in arms !

Crist. What 's to be done ? Now, Trollio, now 's
the time

To subtilize thy soul ; sound every depth,
And waken all the wondrous statesman in thee :
For I must tell thee (spite of pride and royalty,
Of guarding armies, and of circling nations
That bend beneath my nod) this curs'd Gustavus

Invades my shrinking spirits, awes my heart,
 And sits upon my slumbers——All in vain
 Has he been daring, and have I been vigilant;
 Spite of himself he still evades the hunter,
 And if there's pow'r in heav'n or hell, it guards him.
 When was I vanquish'd, but when he oppos'd me?
 When have I conquer'd, but when he was absent?
 His name's a host, a terror to my legions.
 And by my tripled crown, I swear, Gustavus,
 I'd rather meet all Europe for my foe,
 Than see thy face in arms!

Troll. Be calm, my liege!

And listen to a secret big with consequence,
 That gives thee back the second man on earth
 Whose valour could plant fears around thy throne;
 Thy pris'ner——

Crist. What of him?

Troll. The prince Arvida.

Crist. How!

Troll. The same.

Crist. My royal fugitive?

Troll. Most certain.

Crist. Now then 'tis plain who sent him hither.

Troll. Yes.

Pray give me leave, my lord——a thought comes cross
 me——

If so he must be ours——

[*Pauses.*]

Your pardon for a question——Has Arvida

E'er seen your beauteous daughter, your Cristina?

Crist. Never—yes—possibly he might, that day

When the proud pair, Gustavus and Arvida,
Through Copenhagen drew a length of chain,
And grac'd my chariot wheels—but why the question?

Troll. I'll tell you—while e'en now he stood before
us,

I mark'd his high demeanour, and my eye
Claim'd some remembrance of him, though in clouds
Doubtful and distant, but a nearer view
Renew'd the characters effac'd by absence.
Yet, lest he might presume upon a friendship
Of ancient league between us, I dissembled,
Nor seem'd to know him——On he proudly strode,
As who should say, ' Back, fortune, know thy dis-
tance!'

Thus steadily he pass'd, and mock'd his fate.
When, lo! the princess to her morning walk
Came forth attended——quick amazement seiz'd
Arvida at the sight; his steps took root,
A tremor shook him; and his alt'ring cheek
Now sudden flush'd, then fled its wonted colour;
While with an eager and intemp'rate look
He bent his form, and hung upon her beauties.

Crist. Ha! Did our daughter note him?

Troll. No, my lord;
She pass'd regardless——Strait his pride fell from him,
And at her name he started.
Then heav'd a sigh, and cast a look to heav'n,
Of such a mute, yet eloquent emotion,
As seem'd to say, ' Now, fate, thou hast prevail'd,
' And found one way to triumph o'er Arvida!'

Crist. But whither would this lead?

Troll. List, list, my lord!

While thus his soul's unseated, shook by passion,
Could we engage him to betray Gustavus——

Crist. O empty hope! Impossible, my Trollio:
Do I not know him, and the curs'd Gustavus?
Both fix'd in resolution deep as hell,
And proud as high Olympus!

Troll. Ah, my liege,

No mortal footing treads so firm in virtue,
As always to abide the slipp'ry path,
Nor deviate with the bias——Some have few,
But each man has his failing, some defect
Wherein to slide temptation——Leave him to me.

Crist. I know thou hast a serpentizing genius,
Canst wind the subtlest mazes of the soul,
And trace her wand'rings to the source of action.
If thou can'st bend this proud one to our purpose,
And make the lion crouch, 'tis well——if not,
Away at once, and sweep him from remembrance.

Troll. Then I must promise deep.

Crist. Ay, any thing; out-bid ambition.

Troll. Love?

Crist. Ha! Yes——our daughter too——if she can bribe
him:

But then to win him to betray his friend——

Troll. O, doubt it not, my lord——for if he loves,
As sure he greatly does, I have a stratagem
That holds the certainty of fate within it.
Love is a passion whose effects are various;

It ever brings some change upon the soul,
Some virtue, or some vice, 'till then unknown,
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.

Crist. True, when it pours upon a youthful temper,
Open and apt to take the torrent in,
It owns no limits, no restraint it knows,
But sweeps all down, though heav'n and hell oppose;
Ev'n virtue rears in vain her sacred mound,
Raz'd in its rage, or in its swellings drown'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Opens, and discovers ARVIDA in Chains, Guards preparing Instruments of Death and Torture. He advances in confusion.

Arv. Off, off, vain cumbrance; ye conflicting thoughts,

Leave me to Heav'n! O peace!—It will not be—

Just when I rose above mortality,

To pour her wondrous weight of charms upon me!

At such a time, it was, it was too much!

To pluck the soaring pinion of my soul,

While eagle-ey'd she held her flight to heaven,

O'er pain and death triumphant! Help, ye saints!

Angelic ministers, descend, descend!

And lift me to myself; hold, bind my heart

Firm and unshaken in th' approaching ruin

The wreck of earth-born frailty ! and, O Heav'n !
 For ev'ry pang these tortur'd limbs shall feel,
 Descend in ten-fold blessings on Gustavus !
 Yes, bless him, bless him ! Crown his hours with joy,
 His head with glory, and his arms with conquest ;
 Set his firm foot upon the neck of tyrants,
 And be his name the balm of ev'ry lip
 That breathes through Sweden ! Worthiest to be stil'd
 Their friend, their chief, their father, and their king !

TROLLIO enters.

Troll. Unbind your prisoner.

Arv. How ?

Troll. You have your liberty,
 And may depart unquestion'd.

Arv. Do not mock me.

It is not to be thought, while power remains,
 That Cristiern wants a reason to be cruel.
 But let him know I would not be oblig'd.
 He who accepts the favours of a tyrant
 Shares in his guilt ; they leave a stain behind them.

Troll. You wrong the native temper of his soul ;
 Cruel of force, but never of election,
 Prudence compell'd him to a shew of tyranny ;
 Howe'er, those politics are now no more,
 And mercy, in her turn, shall shine on Sweden.

Arv. Indeed ! It were a strange, a bless'd reverse,
 Devoutly to be wish'd ; but then the cause,
 The cause, my lord, must surely be uncommon,

May I presume?
Perhaps a secret.

Troll. No—or if it were,
The boldness of thy spirit claims respect,
And should be answer'd. Know, the only man,
In whom our monarch ever knew repulse,
Is now our friend; that terror of the field,
Th' invincible Gustavus.

Arv. Ha! friend to Cristiern? Guard thyself, my
heart!

[*Aside.*

Nor seem to take alarm—Why, good my lord,
What terror is there in a wretch proscib'd,
Naked of means, and distant as Gustavus?

Troll. There you mistake—Nor knew we till this
hour

The danger was so near—From yonder hill
He sends proposals, back'd with all the pow'rs
Of Dalecarlia, those licentious resolute,
Who, having nought to hazard in the wreck,
Are ever foremost to foment a storm.

Arv. I were too bold to question on the terms.

Troll. No—trust me, valiant man, whoe'er thou
art,

I would do much to win a worth like thine,
By any act of service, or of confidence.
The terms Gustavus claims, indeed, are haughty;
The freedom of his mother and his sister,
His forfeit province, Gothland, and the isles
Submitted to his sceptre—But the league,
The bond of amity, and lasting friendship,

Is, that he claims Cristina for his bride.

You start, and seem surpriz'd.

Arr. A sudden pain

Just struck athwart my breast—But say, my lord,
I thought you nam'd Cristina.

Troll. Yes.

Arr. O torture !

[*Aside.*

What of her, my good lord ?

Troll. I said Gustavus claim'd her for his bride.

Arr. His bride ! his wife !

You did not mean his wife ! Do fiends feel this ? [*Aside.*

Down, heart, nor tell thy anguish ! Pray excuse me,

Did you not say, the princess was his wife ?

Whose wife, my lord ?

Troll. I did not say what was, but what must be.

Arr. Touching Gustavus, was it not ?

Troll. The same.

Arr. His bride ?

Troll. I say his bride, his wife ; his lov'd Cristina !

Cristina, fancied in the very prime

And youthful smile of nature ; form'd for joys

Unknown to mortals. You seem indispos'd.

Arr. The crime of constitution—O Gustavus !

[*Aside.*

This is too much !—And think you then, my lord—

What, will the royal Cristiern e'er consent

To match his daughter with his deadliest foe ?

Troll. What should he do ? War else must be
eternal.

Besides, some rumours from his Danish realms

Make peace essential here.

Arv. Yes, peace has sweets,
That Hybla never knew ; it sleeps on down,
Cull'd gently from beneath the cherub's wings ;
No bed for mortals——Man is warfare——All
A hurricane within : yet friendship stoops,
And gilds the gloom with falsehood——smiles and
varnish !

For still the storm grows high, and then no shore,
No rock to split on ! 'Twere a kind perdition
To sink ten thousand fathoms at a plunge,
And fasten on oblivion——there we hold,

And all is—— [Faints.

Troll. Help, bear him up. O potency of love !
That plucks this noble fabric from his base.
Bend, bend him forward——He revives——How fare you?

Arv. I know not——yet a dagger were most friendly.
Return me, Trollio, O return me back
To death, to racks ! Undone, undone Arvida !

Troll. Is't possible, my lord ! the prince Arvida !
My friend ! [Embraces him.

Arv. Confusion to the name ! [Turns.

Troll. Why this, good Heaven? And wherefore
thus disguis'd ?

Arv. Yes, that accomplish'd traitor, that Gustavus,
While he sat planning private scenes of happiness,
O well dissembled ! He, he sent me hither ;
My friendly, unsuspecting heart a sacrifice,
To make death sure, and rid him of a rival.

Troll. A rival ! Do you then love Cristiern's
daughter ?

Arv. Name her not, Trollio; since she can't be mine:

Gustavus! how, ah! how hast thou deceiv'd me!
Who could have look'd for falsehood from thy brow,
Whose heav'nly arch was as the throne of virtue?
Thy eye appear'd a sun to cheer the world,
Thy bosom truth's fair palace, and thy arms,
Benevolent, the harbour for mankind.

Troll. What's to be done? Believe me, valiant prince,

I know not which most sways me to thy int'rests,
My love to thee, or hatred to Gustavus.

Arv. Would you then save me? Think, contrive it quickly!

Lend me your troops—by all the powers of vengeance,
Myself will face this terror of the north,
This son of fame—this—O Gustavus—What?
Where had I wander'd—Stab my bleeding country!
Save, shield me from that thought.

Troll. Retire, my lord;
For see, the princess comes.

Arv. Where, Trollio, where?
Ha! Yes, she comes indeed! her beauties drive
Time, place and truth, and circumstance before them!
Perdition pleases there—pull—tear me from her!
Yet must I gaze—but one—but one look more,
And I were lost for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

CRISTINA, MARIANA, and Attendants enter.

Cristina. Forbid it, shame! forbid it, virgin modesty!

No, no, my friends, Gustavus ne'er shall know it.
O, I am overpaid with conscious pleasure ;
The sense but to have sav'd that wondrous man,
Is still a smiling cherub in my breast,
And whispers peace within.

Mar. 'Tis strange a man of his high note and
consequence,
Should so evade the busy search of thousands,
That six long months have shut him from enquiry,
And not an eye can trace him to his covert.

Cristina. Once 'twas not so: each infant lisp'd
Gustavus !

It was the fav'rite name of ev'ry language,
His slightest motions fill'd the world with tidings ;
Wak'd he, or slept, fame watch'd th' important hour,
And nations told it round.

Mar. I've heard, my princess,
What time Gustavus lay detain'd in Denmark,
Your royal father sought the hero's friendship,
And offer'd ample terms of peace and amity.

Cristina. He did ; he offer'd that, my Mariana,
For which contending monarchs su'd in vain,
He offer'd me, his darling, his Cristina ;
But I was slighted, slighted by a captive,
Though kingdoms swell'd my dower.

Mar. Amazement fixes me ;
Rejected by Gustavus !

Cristina. Yes, Mariana ;—but rejected nobly.
Not worlds could win him to betray his country !
Had he consented, I had then despis'd him.

What's all the gandy glitter of a crown?
What, but the glaring meteor of ambition,
That leads a wretch benighted in his errors,
Points to the gulph, and shines upon destruction?

Mar. You wrong your charms, whose power might
reconcile

Things opposite in nature—Had he seen you!—

Cristina. He has, my Mariana, he has seen me,
I'll tell thee—yet while inexpert of years,
I heard of bloody spoils, the waste of war,
And dire conflicting man, Gustavus' name
Superior rose, still dreadful in the tale.
Then first he seiz'd my infancy of soul,
As somewhat fabled of gigantic fierceness,
Too huge for any form; he scar'd my sleep,
And fill'd my young idea. Not the boast
Of all his virtues, graces only known
To him and heavenly natures, could erase
The strong impression, 'till that wondrous day
In which he met my eyes. But O! O Heav'n!
O love! and all ye cordial pow'rs of passion!
What then was my amazement! he was chain'd,
Was chain'd, my Mariana! Like the robes
Of coronation, worn by youthful kings,
He drew his shackles. The Herculean nerve
Brac'd his young arm, and soften'd in his cheek;
Liv'd more than woman's sweetness. Then his eye!
His mien! his native dignity! He look'd,
As though he led captivity in chains,
And all were slaves around.

Mar. Did he observe you?

Cristina. He did: for as I trembled, look'd and sigh'd,

His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me.
Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy,
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,
And mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson.
I wish'd—but did not dare to look;—he gaz'd,—
When sudden, as by force, he turn'd away,
And would no more behold me.

LAERTES enters.

Laer. Ah, bright imperial maid! my royal mistress!

Cristina. What wou'dst thou say? Thy looks speak terror to me.

Laer. O, you are ruin'd, sacrific'd, undone!
I heard it all; your cruel, cruel father
Has sold you, giv'n you up a spoil to treason,
The purchase of the noblest blood on earth—
Gustavus!—

Cristina. Ah! What of him? Where, where is he?

Laer. In Dalecarlia, on some great design,
Doom'd in an hour to fall by faithless hands:
His friend, the brave, the false, deceiv'd Arvida,
Ev'n now prepares to lead a band of ruffians
Beneath the winding covert of the hill,
And seize Gustavus obvious to the snares
Of friendship's fair dissemblance. And your father
Has vow'd your beauties to Arvida's arms,
The purchase of his falsehood.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
What, but the glaring meteor of ambition,
That leads a wretch benighted in his errors,
Points to the gulph, and shines upon destruction?

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Beneath the winding covert of the hill,
And seize Gustavus obvious to the snares
Of friendship's fair dissemblance. And your father
Has vow'd your beauties to Arvida's arms,
The purchase of his falsehood.

Cristina. Shield me, Heav'n!
First, duty, break thy filial bands in sunder,
And blot the name of parent from the world!
Is there no let, no means of quick prevention?

Laer. Behold my life still chain'd to thy direction;
My will shall have a wing for ev'ry word,
That breathes thy mandate,

Cristina. Will you, good Laertes—
Alas, I fear to overtask thy friendship—
Say, will you save me then?—O go, haste, fly!
Acquaint Gustavus—if, if he must fall,
Let hosts that hem this single lion in,
Let nations hunt him down—let him fall nobly.

Laer. I go my princess—Heaven direct me to him!
[Exit.

Cristina. I would pray too, to save me from pollution;
Detested stain, the touch of the betrayer!
But mighty love the partial pray'r arrests,
And leaves me only anxious for Gustavus.
For him cold fears my fainting bosom chill,
His cares distract me, and his dangers kill;
Ye powers! if deaf to all the vows I make,
Yet shield Gustavus, for Gustavus' sake;
Protect his virtues from a faithless foe,
And save your only image left below!

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mountains of Dalecarlia. GUSTAVUS enters as a Peasant—Dalecarlians following.

Gustavus.

YE men of Sweden ! wherefore are ye come ?
 See ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,
 To drink the fountains of your honour up,
 And leave your hills a desert—Wretched men !
 Why came ye forth ? Is this a time for sport ?
 Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,
 To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants ?
 To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,
 And fawning, lick the dust ?—Go, go, my countrymen !
 Each to your several mansions, trim them out,
 Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil
 To purchase bondage—Bid your blooming daughters,
 And your chaste wives to spread their beds with soft-
 ness ;

Then go ye forth, and with your proper hands
 Conduct your masters in ; conduct the sons
 Of lust and violation—O Swedes, Swedes !
 Heav'ns ! are ye men, and will ye suffer this ?

ARNOLD enters, who talks apart with GUSTAVUS.

1st *Dale.* How my blood boils !

2d *Dale.* Who is this honest spokesman ?

3d *Dale*. What, know ye not Rodolphus of the mines?

A better lab'rer ne'er struck steel to stone.

Gus. There was a time, my friends! a glorious time,

When, had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turn'd; himself had stood,
Alone had stood the bulwark of his country.
Your sires were known but by their manly fronts;
On their black brows, enthron'd, sat liberty,
The awe of honour, and contempt of death.

1st *Dale*. We are not bastards.

2d *Dale*. No.

3d *Dale*. We're Dalecarlians.

Gus. Come, come ye on then. Here I take my stand!

Here, on the brink, the very verge of liberty;
Although contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward;
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,
'Till I, or Denmark fall.

Siv. And who art thou?

That thus would'st swallow all the glory up
That should redeem the times? Behold this breast;
The sword has till'd it, and the stripes of slaves
Shall ne'er trace here, shall never blot
The fair inscription—Never shall the cords
Of Danish insolence bind down these arms
That bore my royal master from the field.

Gus. Ha! Say you, brother? Were you there——

O grief!

Where liberty and Stenon fell together?

Siv. Yes, I was there—A bloody field it was,
Where conquest gasp'd, and wanted breath to tell
Its o'er-toil'd triumph. There, our bleeding king,
There Stenon on this bosom made his bed,
And rolling back his dying eyes upon me,
'Soldier, he cried, if e'er it be thy lot
'To see my valiant cousin, great Gustavus,
'Tell him—for once, that I have fought like him,
'And would like him have'——
Conquer'd—he should have said—but there, O there
Death stopt him short.

Gus. Come to my arms, and let me hide thy tears,
For I have caught their softness—O Danes! Danes!
You shall weep blood for this. Shall they not, brother?
Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance,
A life for ev'ry blow, and when we fall,
There shall be weight in 't; like the tott'ring towers
That draw contiguous ruin.

Siv. Brave, brave man!

My soul admires thee—By my father's spirit,
I would not barter such a death as this
For immortality! Nor we alone——
Here be the trusty gleanings of that field
Where last we fought for freedom; here's rich
poverty,
Though wrapp'd in rags, my cfty brave companions,

Who through the force of fifteen thousand foes
Bore off their king, and sav'd his great remains.

Gus. Give me your hands, those valiant hands.

——Why, captain,

We could but die, alone ;—with these we 'll conquer.
My fellow lab'ers too——What say ye, friends ?
Shall we not strike for 't ?

All. Death ; victory or death !

No bonds, no bonds !

Arn. Spoke like yourselves—Ye men of Dalecarlia,
Brave men and bold ! Whom ev'ry future age,
Tongues, nations, languages, and rolls of fame
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements won
From honour's dang'rous summit, warriors all !
Say, might ye chuse a chief, for high exploits,
From the first annal, to the latest praise
That breathes a hero's name—Speak, name the man
Who then should meet your wish ?

Siv. Forbear the theme.

Why wouldst thou seek to sink us with the weight
Of grievous recollection ? O Gustavus !
Could the dead wake, thou wert that man of men,
First of the foremost.

Gus. Didst thou know Gustavus ?

Siv. Know him ! O Heav'n ! what else, who else
was worth

The knowledge of a soldier ? That great day,
When Cristiern, in his third attempt on Sweden,
Had summ'd his powers, and weigh'd the scale of fight,

On the bold brink, the very push of conquest,
 Gustavus rush'd, and bore the battle down,
 In his full sway of prowess, like Leviathan
 That scoops his foaming progress on the main,
 And drives the shoals along—forward I sprung,
 All emulous, and lab'ring to attend him;
 Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud,
 And distant wonder gaz'd—At length he turn'd,
 And having ey'd me with a wondrous look
 Of sweetness mix'd with glory—grace inestimable!
 He pluck'd this bracelet from his conqu'ring arm
 And bound it here—My wrist seem'd treble nerv'd;
 My heart spoke to him, and I did such deeds
 As best might thank him—but from that bless'd day
 I never saw him more—yet still to this,
 I bow, as to the relics of my saint:
 Each morn I drop a tear on ev'ry bead,
 Count all the glories of Gustavus o'er,
 And think I still behold him.

Gus. Rightly thought;
 For so thou dost, my soldier.
 Give me my arms—Off, off, ye dark disguises!
 For I will be myself. Behold your general,
 Gustavus! Come once more to lead ye on
 To laurell'd victory, to fame, to freedom!

1st *Dale.* Is it?

2d *Dale.* Yes.

3d *Dale.* No

4th *Dale.* 'Tis he!

5th *Dale.* 'Tis he!

6th Dale. 'Tis lie!

[A shout.

Siv. Strike me, ye powers!—It is illusion all!

It cannot—

Gus. What, no nearer?

Siv. 'Tis, it is!— [Falls and embraces his knees.

Gus. O speechless eloquence!

Rise to my arms, my friend.

Siv. Friend! said you friend?

O my heart's lord! my conqueror! my!—

Gus. Approach, my fellow soldiers! your Gustavus

Claims no precedence here: friendship like mine

Throws all respects behind it—'tis enough—

I read your joys, your transports in your eyes;

And wou'd, O wou'd I had a life to spend,

For ev'ry soldier here! whose ev'ry life's

Far dearer than my own; dearer than aught,

Except your liberty, except your honour.

Perish Gustavus, ere this sacred sun,

That lights the rest of Sweden to their shame,

Should blush upon your chains! Why said I chains?

To souls like yours, I shou'd have talk'd of triumphs,

Empire, and fame, and hazards imminent,

Occasions wish'd, for glory—Haste, brave men!

Collect your friends to join us on the instant;

Summon our brethren to their share of conquest;

And let loud echo, from her circling hills,

Sound freedom, till the undulation shake

The bounds of utmost Sweden.

[Exeunt Dalecarlians, crying 'Gustavus! Gustavus!
liberty!'

ANDERSON *enters*.

And. There was a glorious sound!

Gus. Yes, Anderson,

The long wish'd hour is come—the storm is up,
And wrecks will follow. Where they are to light
Let Heav'n determine. Well, my noble friend,
Has Peterson set out?

And. He has, this instant;

And bears your packet to the tyrant's camp.

Gus. What think you of his zeal?

And. In truth, my lord,

It wears a gallant show.

Gus. 'Tis specious all,

Flash without fire, the lightning of a cloud
That carries darkness in the rear—For Peterson
To spread my letters through the camp of Cristiern,
And seek for succours in the jaws of death,
It shew'd too bold, too much the flaming patriot:
Beside, I know him for the friend of Trollio.

And. Why would you then employ him?

Gus. There's the mystery.

'Tis not his faith, but treachery I trust to.
My letters are directed to the chiefs
Of those inglorious mercenary Swedes,
Whom Cristiern has seduc'd to join his host,
And turn the sword of conquest on their country;
To each of those I have address'd in terms
Of special correspondence, meant to rouse
The jealousy of Cristiern; as I think,
My packet can't escape him—What ensues?

The tyrant hence concludes himself betray'd,
 Sifts all his legions, thins the ranks of fight,
 And leaves them open to our bold invasion.
 But grant that Peterson deceive my aim,
 And hold the rank of virtue; then the Swedes
 May waken to the glorious call of honour.
 So——ev'ry way it saves us from the guilt
 Of Swedes encount'ring Swedes, and spares the blood
 Of brethren, though revolted.

And. On my soul,
 This is a stratagem that saps the miner;
 Makes treason turn a traitor to itself,
 And mock its own designs.

Gus. O noble friend, fast winds the great machine
 That strikes the fate of Sweden—Go, my Anderson,
 Assemble all thy brave adherents round thee,
 With warlike inspiration warm their souls,
 And haste to join me here.

And. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

LAERTES enters.

Laer. Thy presence nobly speaks the man I wish,
 Gustavus.

Gus. Yes. Thou hast a hostile garb,
 Ha! say—Art thou Laertes? If I err not,
 There is a friendly semblance in that face,
 Which answers to a fond impression here,
 And tells me I'm thy debtor—My deliv'rer!

Laer. No, valiant prince, you over-rate my service,
 There is a worthier object of your gratitude
 Whom yet you know not—Oh, I have to tell——
 But then to gain your credit, must unfold

What haply should be secret—Be it so;
You are all honour.

Gus. Let me to thy mind :
For thou hast wak'd my soul into a thought
That holds me all attention.

Laer. Mightiest man!
To me alone you held yourself oblig'd
For life and liberty—Had it been so,
I were more bless'd, with retribution just
To pay thee for my own : for on the day
When by your arm the mighty Thraces fell,
Fate threw me to your sword—You spar'd my youth,
And in the very whirl and rage of fight
Your eye was taught compassion—from that hour
I vow'd my life slave of your rememb'rance ;
And often, as Cristina, heavenly maid !
The mistress of my service, question'd me
Of wars and vent'rous deeds, my tidings came
Still freighted with thy name, until the day
In which yourself appear'd, to make praise speechless.
Cristina saw you then, and on your fate
Dropp'd a kind tear ; and when your noble scorn
Of proffer'd terms provok'd her father's rage
To take the deadly forfeit, she, she only,
Whose virtues watch'd the precious hour of mercy,
All trembling, sent my secret hand to save you ;
Where, through a pass unknown to all your keepers,
I led you forth, and gave you to your liberty.

Gus. Oh, I am sunk, o'erwhelm'd with wondrous
goodness!

But were I rich, and free as opening mines,
That teem their golden wealth upon the world,
Still I were poor, unequal to her bounty.
Nor can I longer doubt whose gen'rous arm
In my Arvida, in my friend's deliverance,
Gave double life, and freedom to Gustavus,

Laer. A fatal present! Ah, you know him not;
Arvida is misled, undone by passion;
False to your friendship, to your trust unfaithful,

Gus. Ha! hold!

Laer. I must unfold it,

Gus. Yet forbear:

This way—I hear some footing—pray you, soft—
If thou hast aught to urge against Arvida,
The man of virtue, tell it not the wind;
Lest slander catch the sound, and guilt should triumph,
[*Exeunt,*

ARVIDA enters, speaking to a Soldier.

Arv. He's here—bear back my orders to your
fellows,

'That not a man, on peril of his life,
Advance in sight till call'd.

Sold. My lord, I will—

Arv. Have I not vow'd it, faithless as he is,
Have I not vow'd his fall? Yet, good heaven!
Why start these sudden tears? On, on I must;
For I am half way down the dizzy steep,
Where my brain turns—A draught of Lethe now—
Oh, that the world would sleep—to wake no more!

Or that the name of friendship bore no charm
To make my nerve unsteady, and this steel
Flee backward from its task ! It shall be done.
Empire ! Cristina ! though th' affrighted sun
Start back with horror of the direful stroke,
It shall be done. Calm, calm the hell within,
Thy looks may else turn traitors—Ha, he comes !
How steadily he looks, as Heaven's own book,
The leaf of truth, were open'd on his aspect.
Up, up, dark minister—his fate calls out

[Puts up the dagger.]

To nobler execution : for he comes
In opposition, singly, man to man,
As though he brav'd my wish.

GUSTAVUS enters.

*[They look for some time on each other ; Arvida lays
his hand on his sword, and withdraws it by
turns ; then advances irresolutely.]*

Gus. Is it then so ?

Arv. Defend thyself,

Gus. No—strike—

I would unfold my bosom to thy sword,
But that I know the wound you give this breast
Would doubly pierce thy own,

Arv. I know thee not—

It is the time's eclipse, and what should be
In nature, now is nameless.

Gus. Ah, my brother !

Arv. What wouldst thou ?

Gus. Is it thus we two should meet?

Arv. Art thou not false? deep else, oh, deep indeed
Were my damnation.

Gus. Dear, unhappy man!
My heart bleeds for thee. False I'd surely been,
Had I like thee been tempted.

Arv. Ha! speak, speak,
Did thou not send to treat with Cristiern?

Gus. Never.
I know thy error, but I know the arts,
The frauds, the wiles, that practis'd on thy virtue;
Firm how you stood, and tow'r'd above mortality;
Till in the fond unguarded hour of love,
The wily undermining Trollio came,
And won thee from thyself—a moment won thee:
For still thou art Arvida, still the man
On whom thy country calls for her deliv'rance.
Already are her bravest sons in arms;
Mark how they shout, impatient of our presence,
To lead them on to a new life of liberty,
To fame, to conquest—Ha, Heav'n guard my brother!
Thy cheek turns pale, thy eye is wild upon me,
Wilt thou not answer me?

Arv. Gustavus!

Gus. Speak.

Arv. Have I not dream'd?

Gus. No other I esteem it.

Where lives the man whose reason slumbers not?
Still pure, still blameless, if at wonted dawn
Again he wakes to virtue.

deed

Arv. Oh, my dawn .
Must soon be dark. Confusion dissipates,
To leave me worse confounded.

Gus. Think no more on 't.
Come to my arms, thou dearest of mankind !
Arv. Stand off ! Pollution dwells within my touch,
And horror hangs around me—Cruel man !
Oh, thou hast doubly damn'd me with this goodness :
For resolution held the deed as done,
That now must sink me—Hark ! I 'm summon'd hence;
My audit opens ! Poise me ! for I stand
Upon a spire, against whose sightless base
Hell breaks his wave beneath. Down, down I dare
not,

And up I cannot look, for justice fronts me.
Thou shalt have vengeance, though my purpling blood
Were nectâr for heav'n's bowl, as warm and rich,
As now 'tis base, it thus should pour for pardon.

[*Gustavus catches his arm, and in the struggle the
dagger falls.*]

Gus. Ha ! Hold, Arvida---No, I will not lose thee---
Forbid it, Heav'n ! thou shalt not rob me so ;
No, I will struggle with thee to the last,
And save thee from thyself. Oh, answer me !
Wilt thou forsake me ? Answer me my brother,
My best Arvidal

Arv. I would speak to thee—
But let it be by silence—Oh, Gustavus !

Gus. Say but you 'll live.

Arv. Oh !

Gus. For my sake.

Arv. Yes, take me;

Expose me, cage me, brand me for the tool
Of crafted villains, for the veriest slave,
On whom the bend of each contemptuous brow
Shall look with loathing. Ah, my turpitude
Shall be the vile comparative for knaves
To boast and whiten by!

Gus. Not so, not so.

Who knows no fault, my friend, knows no perfection.
The rectitude that Heav'n appoints to man
Leads on through error; and the kindly sense
Of having stray'd, endears the road to bliss;
It makes heav'n's way more pleasing! Oh, my brother!
'Tis hence a thousand cordial charities
Derive their growth, their vigour, and their sweetness.
This short lapse
Shall to thy future foot give cautious treading,
Erect and firm in virtue

Arv. Give me leave.

[*Offers to pass.*]

Gus. You shall not pass.

Arv. I must.

Gus. Whither?

Arv. I know not—Oh, Gustavus!

Gus. Speak.

Arv. You can't forgive me.

Gus. Not forgive thee!

Arv. No:

Look there.—

[*Points to the dagger.*]

And yet when I resolv'd to kill thee,

I could have dy'd—indeed I could—for thee
I could have dy'd, Gustavus!

Gus. Oh, I know it.

A gen'rous mind, though sway'd awhile by passion,
Is like the steely vigour of the bow;
Still holds its native rectitude, and bends
But to recoil more forceful. Come, forget it.

A Dalecarlian enters.

Dale. My lord, as I now pass'd the mountain's brow,
I spy'd some men, whose arms, and strange attire,
Give cause for circumspection.

Gus. Danes, perhaps;

Haste, intercept their passage to the camp. [*Exit Dal.*

Arv. Those are the Danes that witness to my shame.

Gus. Perish th' opprobrious term! not so, Arvida;
Myself will be the guardian of thy fame;

Trust me, I will—Our friends approach—Oh, clear,
While I attend them, clear that cloud, my brother,
That sits upon the morning of thy youth:

It hangs too near the heart of thy Gustavus. [*Exit.*

Arv. Of thy Gustavus! Oh, wretch, wretch, cursed
wretch!

What is this time and place, and toys of circumstance,
That wind our actions, so, as Heaven's own hand
What's done may not unravel?—Pardon may!—

There's the Lethean sweet, the snow of heav'n,

New blanching o'er the negro front of guilt,

That to the eye of mercy all appears

Fair as th' unwritten page—yet self-convict,

Though Heav'n's free pow'r should pardon, where's
my peace?

Thus, thus to be driven out from my own breast!
To have no shed, no shelt'ring nook at home
To take reflection in! How looks the wretch
Whose heart cries villain to itself? I'll not
Endure its battery—Somewhat must be done
Of high import ere night, that I may sleep,
Or wake for ever.

GUSTAVUS *enters, followed by the Dalecarlians,*
ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, Officers, &c.

1st Dale. Let us all see him!

2d Dale. Yes, and hear him, too.

3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th Dale. Our general.

5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can be
found.

6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.

7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus,

And. Do, my lord.

Gus. My countrymen!—

1st Dale. Ho! hear him.

2d Dale. Peace!

3d Dale. Peace!

4th Dale. Peace!

Gus. Amazement, I perceive, hath fill'd your hearts,
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and
deaths,

Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before ye.
 As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
 From hearts that ne'er knew pity; dark and vengeful
 Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
 And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
 Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
 And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity,
 Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
 Swept my great sire, and kindred from my side;
 For them Gustavus weeps not; though my eyes
 Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
 But, Oh, great parent, when I think on thee!
 Thy numberless, thy nameless shameful infamies,
 My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
 Upon thy desolation, spite of rage——
 And vengeance that would choak them——tears will
 flow.

And. Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,
 Practis'd to stab and smile; to stab the babe,
 That smiles upon them.

Arn. What accursed hours
 Roll o'er those wretches, who to fiends like these,
 In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
 Than worlds will rate for!

Gus. Oh, liberty, Heav'n's choice prerogative;
 True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
 Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
 For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, sacred liberty!
 Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,
 Like the bold stork, you seek the wintry shore,

Leave courts and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
 Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm !
 Upborn by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
 Of empire——offer'd at the hands of tyrants!
 With thee, I sought this fav'rite soil ; with thee,
 These fav'rite sons I sought—thy sons, O Liberty:
 For ev'n amid the wilds of life you lead them,
 Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,
 Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
 Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty ! Liberty !

Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
 Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world,
 As the great stake, the last effort for liberty ?
 Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
 The scope, and bright ambition of your souls ?
 Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers,
 From the proud summit of their glitt'ring thrones,
 Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings
 That dar'd the bold infringement ? What, but liberty,
 Through the fam'd course of thirteen hundred years,
 Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
 And sanctify'd their shade ?—And will ye, will ye
 Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world,
 Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult,
 And in one hour give up to infamy
 The harvest of a thousand years of glory ?

1st Dale. No.

2d Dale. Never, never.

3d Dale. Perish all first.

4th *Dale*. Die all!

Gus. Yes, die by piecemeal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!
 Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
 To see ye fear'd; to see that ev'n your foes
 Do justice to your valours!—There they be,
 The pow'rs of kingdoms summ'd in yonder host,
 Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
 And, Oh, when I look round and see you here,
 Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
 My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
 True courage but from opposition grows;
 And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
 Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
 That strikes for liberty? That strikes to save
 His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
 His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,
 And his large honours from eternal infamy?
 What, doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here,
 Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
 And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
 To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!
 Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
 You shall not be withheld; we will rush on them—
 This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
 Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
 Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
 And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
 Flee to its fountain?

3d *Dale*. On, lead us on, Gustavus : one word more
Is but delay of conquest.

Gus. Take your wish.

He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left rout—You, Eric, great in arms !
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down ; then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close upon the vale :
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts beat
high !

Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each, singly, equal to an host of foes ;
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes' light !
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high,
Thunder within his grasp, and light'ning in his eye

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Camp. CRISTIERN, TROLLIO, and Attendants enter.

Cristiern.

Your observation's just ; I see it, Trollio :
Men are machines ; with all their boasted freedom,
Their movements turn upon some fav'rite passion ;
Let art but find the latent foible out,
We touch the spring, and wind them at our pleasure.

Trol. Let Heav'n spy out for virtue, and then
starve it ;

But vice and frailty are the statesman's quarry,
The objects of our search, and of our science,
Mark'd by our smiles, and cherish'd by our bounty ;
'Tis hence you lord it o'er your servile senates :
How low the slaves will stoop to gorge their lusts,
When aptly baited ! ev'n the tongues of patriots,
(Those sons of clamour) oft relax the nerve,
Within the warmth of favour.

Crist. How else should kings subsist ? For what is
pow'r,

But the nice conduct of another's weakness ?
That thing call'd virtue, is the bane of government,
A libel on the state, that asks suppression ;
It is a hateful and unbending quality ;
It serves no end, still restive to the rein,
And to the spur unspeedy : they who boast it

Are traitors, rivals of their king, my Trollio ;
And, wanting other subjects, greatly dare
To lord it o'er themselves. Such is Gustavus,
If yet he be——

And such Arvida was ; though now, I trust,
He is too far advanc'd in our designs
To think of a retreat.

Trol. Impossible !

Already has he leap'd the guilty mound
That might appal his virtue ; for the world
He dare not now look back ; where shame pursues,
And cuts off all retreat.

A Gentleman Usher and PETERSON enter, who kneels.

Gent. My liege, Lord Peterson.

Crist. Rise to our trust, most worthy Peterson ;
Rise to our friendship : by my head, I swear,
Bar but our Trollio here, there 's not a Swede,
Who holds thy valued level in our heart !
For thou 'rt unshaken, though thy nation swerve ;
Faithful among the faithless.

Peter. What I am,
Let this inform your majesty. *[Gives a packet.]*

Trol. A packet !
Whence had you that, my friend ?

Peter. Even from the hands
Of the once great Gustavus.

Crist. Then you have seen him. Tell me, tell me,
Peterson,

What said he ? Eh ! How look'd the mighty rebel ?
His means, his scope, the pride of his presumption,
Give me the whole !

Peter. Last night, my gracious lord,
While yet I held your messenger in conference,
Arriv'd, who brought a letter from Gustavus,
Wherein, digesting many flagrant terms
Of mutinous import against the state
Of your high dignity, by morning light
He pray'd me to attend him; boasting much
Of plenteous hopes, and means of boldest enterprize.
Of this I gave you notice; and ere dawn
Set out for fresh intelligence—I came;
I saw him shrunk, that glory of the north,
Soil'd with the vileness of a slave's attire,
Where in the depth and darkness of the mines,
For six long months he hath not seen the sun;
Colleagu'd with circling horrors; hourly toil
Hath been his watch, and penury his earning;
But like the lion, newly broke from bonds,
The mingling passions from his eyes dart glory;
Pride lifts his stature, and his opening front
Still looks dominion.

Crist. Who were his adherents?

Peter. The traitor Anderson, and a few friends,
To whom, ere I set out, he stood reveal'd;
And when I seem'd to question on his pow'rs
Of rivalry, the props whereon he meant
To lift contention to the princely front
Of such high opposition, he reply'd,
His powers were near your person.

Crist. How! what's here? [*Looks on the packet.*]
To Laurens, Aland, Haquin, and Roderic?
Confusion! Treason's in our camp! Who's there?

Gent. My liege!

Crist. Bear this to Norbi——Bid him seize

[*Gives a signet.*]

The Swedish captains.

Trol. Might I but presume——

Crist. I will not be controul'd—bid him seize all;
Soldiers and chiefs! By hell, there 's not a Swede,
But lurks an instrument to prompt rebellion,
And plots upon my life! Look there, 'tis evident:

[*Gives Trollio a letter.*]

They are all leagu'd, confed'rate with Gustavus,
Th' abettors of his treason.

Trol. It should seem so;
And yet it should not—Tell me, Peterson,
Art thou assur'd thy credit with Gustavus
Will answer to a trust like this?—Ha! Say.

Peter. Yes, well assur'd: my zeal appear'd too warm
To give the least cold colour for suspicion.

Trol. I fear, my friend, I fear he has o'er-reach'd you.
Divide and conquer, is the sum of politics.
Beyond the dreaded circle of his sword,
Gustavus triumphs in an ample genius;
He walks at large, sees clear and wide around him;
Calm in the storm and turbulence of action,
He ponders on the last event of things,
And makes each cause subservient to the consequence.

Crist. You over-rate his craft; they 're false, my Trollio,
False ev'ry Swede of them; I read their souls.

CRISTINA and MARIANA enter.

Cristina. I heard it was your royal pleasure, sir,
I should attend your highness.

Crist. Yes, Cristina,
But business interferes. [*Exeunt Cristina and Mar.*

An Officer enters.

Off. My sov'reign liege!
Wide o'er the western shelving of yon hill,
We think, though indistinctly, we can spy,
Like men in motion must'ring on the heath;
And there is one who saith he can discern
A few of martial gesture, and bright arms,
Who this way bend their action.

Crist. Friends, perhaps:
For foes it were too daring—Haste thee, Trollio,
Detach a thousand of our Danish horse,
To rule their motions. We will out ourself,
And hold our pow'rs in readiness. Lead on. [*Exeunt.*

CRISTINA and MARIANA enter.

Mar. Ha! did you mark, my princess, did you
mark?

Should some reverse, some wondrous whirl of fate,
Once more return Gustavus to the battle,
New nerve his arm, and wreath his brow with con-
quest,

Say, would you not repent that e'er you sav'd
This dreadful man, the foe of your great race,
Who pours impetuous in his country's cause,
To spoil you of a kingdom?

Crist. No, my friend:
Had I to death or bondage sold my sire,
Or had Gustavus on our native realms
Made hostile inroad, then, my Mariana,

Had I then sav'd him from the stroke of justice,
 I should not cease my suit to Heaven for pardon.
 But if, though in a foe, to rev'rence virtue,
 Withstand oppression, rescue injur'd innocence,
 Step boldly in betwixt my sire and guilt,
 And save my king, my father, from dishonour—
 If this be sin, I have shook hands with penitence.
 First, perish crowns, dominion, all the shine
 And transience of this world, ere guilt shall serve,
 To buy the vain incumbrance.

Mar. Do not think

I meant, my princess, to arraign your virtues,
 Howe'er I seem'd to question on the consequence.

Cristina. The consequence of virtue must be good;
 It must. Though it should prove my father's lot,
 In being rescu'd from one act of guilt,
 To lose the whole of all his wide dominions,
 He were a gainer. Blasted be that royalty,
 Which murder must make sure, and crimes inglorious!
 The bulk of kingdoms, nay, the world is light,
 When guilt weighs opposite. Oh, would to heaven,
 The loss of empire would restore his innocence,
 Restore the fortunes, and the precious lives
 Of thousands, fall'n the victims of ambition!

LAERTES enters.

Ha, Laertes! most welcome—Well, and have you?
 Say, Laertes—

Laer. O royal maid!—

Cristina. Thy looks are doubtful. Speak—
 Why art thou silent? Does he live?

Laer. He does ;

But death, ere night, must fill a long account.

The camp, the country's in confusion ; war

And changes ride upon the hour that hastes

To intercept my tongue—I else could tell

Of virtues hitherto beyond my ken ;

Courage, to which the lion stoops his crest,

Yet grafted upon qualities as soft

As a rock'd infant's meekness ; such as tempts

Against my faith, my country, and allegiance,

To wish thee speed, Gustavus.

Cristina. Then you found him.

Laer. I did ; and warn'd him ; but in vain : for
death

To him appear'd more grateful than to find

His friend's dishonour.

Cristina. Give me the manner—quick—soft, good
Laertes !

CRISTIERN, TROLLIO, PETERSON, Danes, &c.

enter.

Crist. Damn'd, double traitor ! Oh, curs'd, false
Arvida !

Guard well the Swedish pris'ners ; bind them hard.

Stand to your arms. Bring forth the captives there.

AUGUSTA and GUSTAVA *enter, guarded.*

Trol. My liege——

Crist. Away ! I'll hear no more of politics.

Fortune ! we will not trust the changeling more ;

But wear her girt upon our armed loins,
Or pointed in our grasp.

An Officer enters.

Off. The foe's at hand.

With gallant shew your thousand Danes rode forth,
But shall return no more. I mark'd the action;
A band of desp'rate resolute rush'd on them,
Scarce numb'ring to a tenth, and in mid way
They clos'd; the shock was dreadful, nor your Danes
Could bear the madding charge; a while they stood,
Then shrunk, and broke, and turn'd; when, lo,
behind,

Fast wheeling from the right and left, there pour'd,
Who intercepted their return, and, caught
Within the toil, they perish'd.

Crist. 'Tis Gustavus!

No mortal else, not Ammon's boasted son,
Not Cæsar would have dar'd it. Tell me, say,
What numbers in the whole may they amount to?

Off. About five thousand.

Crist. And no more?

Off. No more,

That yet appear.

Crist. We count six times their sum,
Haste, soldier, take a trumpet; tell Gustavns,
We have of terms to offer, and would treat
Touching his mother's ransom; say, her death,
Suspended by our grace, but waits his answer.

[Exit Off.]

Madam, it should well suit with your authority,

[To Augustus.]

To check this frenzy in your son. Look to it,
Or, by the saints, this hour's your last of life.

Aug. Come, my Gustava; come, my little captive;
We shall be free; our tyrant is grown kind;
And for these chains that bind thy pretty arms,
The golden cherubim shall lend thee wings,
And thou shalt mount amid the smiling choir
Of little heav'nly songsters, like thyself,
All rob'd in innocence.

Gus. Will you go, mother?

Aug. So help me, mercy! Yes, I'll go, my child;
And I will give thee to thy father's fondness,
And to the arms of all thy royal race
In heav'n, who sit on thrones, with loves, and joys,
And pleasures smiling round.

Crist. Is this my answer?

Come forth, ye ministers of death, come forth.

Ruffians enter, who seize Augusta and Gustava,
Pluck them asunder. We shall prove you, lady.
'Tis my damn'd lot, thus ever to be cross'd
With rank blown pride, and insolence eternal.

Gus. Oh, mother, take me, take me from these
men!

They fright me with their looks.

Aug. Alas, my child, I cannot take thee from them!

Gus. Oh, they will hurt me! Can't you take me,
mother?

Aug. They can't, they cannot hurt you, my Gustava.
 Fear not, my little one; your name should be
 A charm o'er cowardice: for you are call'd
 After your valiant brother. He'll disown you;
 He will not love you, if you fear, Gustava.

Cristiana. Ah, I can hold no longer! Royal sir,
 Thus on my knees, and lower, lower still—

Crist. My child! What mean you?

Cristina. Oh, my gracious father!
 Kill, kill me, rather; let me perish first;
 But do not stain the sanctity of kings
 With the sweet blood of helpless innocence;
 Do not, my father; spare the little orphans,
 And let the lambs go free.

Aug. Ha! who art thou,
 That look'st so like the 'habitants of heaven?
 Like mercy sent upon the morning's blush,
 To glad the heart, and cheer a gloomy world
 With light till now unknown?

Crist. Away! they come.
 I'll hear no more of your ill-tim'd petitions.

Cristina. Oh, yet for pity!

Crist. I will none on't;—Leave me—
 Pity! it is the infant fool of nature.
 Tear off her hold, and bear her to her tent.

[*Exeunt Cristina, Mar. Laer. and Attendants.*]

An Officer enters.

Off. My liege, Gustavus, though with much reluctance,

Consents to one hour's truce. His soldiers rest
Upon their arms, and, follow'd by a few,
He comes to know your terms.

Crist. I see; fall back.

Stand firm. Be ready, slaves, and, on the word,
Plunge deep your daggers in their bosoms.

[*Points to Aug.*

GUSTAVUS, ARVIDA, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS,
SIVARD, &c. enter.

Hold!

Gus. Ha! 'tis, it is my mother!

Crist. Tell me, Gustavus, tell me, why is this,
That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men
Upon a dry, unchannell'd enterprize,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light,
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen rebuke
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful, and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,
And blast rebellion?

Gus. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights! Oh, patience! Rights! What rights,
thou tyrant?

Yes, if perdition be the rule of power,
If wrongs give right, oh, then, supreme in mischief,
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,
Too narrow for thy claim! But if thou think'st

H ij

That crowns are vilely propertyed, like coin,
To be the means, the specialty of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,

Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n,
Can authorise oppression, give a law
For lawless power, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd mankind,
Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

Crist. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it largely,
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute? As on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms, of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty.
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed, must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock.

Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe;
And shiver in the toil.

Gus. Mistaken man!

I come empower'd, and strengthen'd in thy weakness:
For though the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement: pray'rs and tears,
And secret curses sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a single arm but dare the sway;
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of Heaven!
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou not
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up,
As sacred to damnation?

ely.

Gus. Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heav'n,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates,
That Heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition: Soft and sweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the morning, are the words
Of christian meekness! mission all divine! -
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,

Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
 The words of sweet, but indigested peace,
 To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,
 In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
 Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
 Who ne'er preach heaven, but with a downward eye,
 That turns your souls to dross; who, shouting, loose
 The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
 Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings through the
 realm,

Receive your sanction. Oh, 't is glorious mischief!
 When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
 Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
 Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,
 And makes the seal of sweet offended Heav'n
 A sign of blood, a label for decrees,
 That hell would shrink to own.

Crist. No more of this,

Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
 And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
 Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!

Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
 Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
 Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
 Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,
 Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot breast
 Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh, thou canst
 not!

Thou hast outsinn'd all reck'ning! Give me then

My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler.

Crist. Yes, on terms
Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee?

Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my country,
For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
Although it wring for 't, though blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth——
They both shall perish first.

Crist. Slaves, do your office.

Gus. Hold yet——Thou canst not be so damn'd!
My mother!

I dare not ask thy blessing. Where's Arvida?
Where art thou? Come, my friend, thou'st known
temptation,
And therefore best can pity or support me.

Arv. Alas! I shall but serve to weigh thee down-
ward,

To pull thee from the dazzling, sightless, height,
At which thy virtue soars. For, O Gustavus!
My soul is dark, disconsolate and dark;
Sick to the world, and hateful to myself.
I have no country now; I've nought but thee;
And should yield up the int'rest of mankind,
Where thine's in question.

Aug. See, my son relents.

Behold, O king! yet spare us but a moment;
His little sister shall embrace his knees,
And these fond arms around his duteous neck,
Shall join to bend him to us.

Crist. Could I trust ye——

Arv. I'll be your hostage.

Crist. Granted.

Gus. Hold, my friend——

[*Here Arvida breaks from Gustavus, and passes to Cristiern's party, while Augusta and Gustava go over to Gustavus.*]

Aug. Is it then giv'n, yet giv'n me, ere I die,
To see thy face, Gustavus? Thus to gaze,
To touch, to fold thee thus?——My son, my son!
And have I liv'd to this? It is enough.
All arm'd, and in thy country's precious cause
Terribly beauteous; to behold thee thus!
Why, 'twas my only, hourly suit to Heaven,
And now 'tis granted. Oh, my glorious child!
Bless'd were the throes I felt for thee, Gustavus:
For from the breast, from out your swathing bands,
You stepp'd the child of honour.

Gus. Oh, My mother!

Aug. Why stands that water trembling in thy eye?
Why heaves thy bosom? Turn not thus away;
'Tis the last time that we must meet, my child,
And I will have thee whole. Why, why, Gustavus,
Why is this form of heaviness? For me,
I trust, it is not meant; you cannot think
So poorly of me. I grow old, my son,
And to the utmost period of mortality,
I ne'er should find a death's hour like to this,
Whereby to do thee honour.

Gus. Roman patriots!

Ye, Decii, self-devoted to your country,
You gave no mothers up! Will annals yield
No precedents for this, no elder boast,
Whereby to match my trial?

Aug. No, Gustavus;
For Heaven still squares our trial to our strength,
And thine is of the foremost. Noble youth!
Ev'n I, thy parent, with a conscious pride,
Have often bow'd to thy superior virtues.
Oh, there is but one bitterness in death!
One only sting——

Gus. Speak, speak!

Aug. 'Tis felt for thee.

Too well I know thy gentleness of soul,
Melting as babes; ev'n now the pressure's on thee,
And bends thy loveliness to earth. O child!
The dear, but sad foretaste of thy affliction,
Already kills thy mother. But, behold,
Behold thy valiant followers, who to thee,
And to the faith of thy protecting arm,
Have giv'n ten thousand mothers, daughters too,
Who in thy virtue yet may learn to bear
Millions of free-born sons, to bless thy name,
And pray for their deliverer. Oh, farewell!
This, and but this, the very last, adieu!
Heav'n sit victorious on thy arm, my son,
And give thee to thy merits.

Crist. Ah, thou trait'ress!

Gus. Oh, brother! an't you stronger than that
man?

Do n't let him take my mother.

Aug. See, Gustavus ;

My little captive waits for one embrace.

Gus. Come to my arms thou lamb-like sacrifice ;
Oh, that they were of force to hold thee ever ;
To let thee to my heart ; there lock thee close,
And circle thee with life ! But 't will not be.

Gustava. I'll stay with you, my brother.

Gus. Killing innocence !

That I was born to see this hour !

The pains of hell are on me ! Take her, mother.

Gustava. I will not part with you ; indeed, I will not.

Gus. Take her—Distraction ! Haste, my dearest
mother ;

Oh !—else I shall run mad—quite mad—and save ye.

Arv. Hold, madam—Hear me, thou most dear
Gustavus !

Thus low I bend my pray'r ; reject me not :

If once, if ever thou didst love Arvida,

Oh, leave me here to answer to the wrath

Of this fell tyrant ! Save thy honour'd mother,

And that sweet lamb from slaughter.

Gus. Cruel friendship !

Crist. And, by my life, I'd take thee at thy word,
Thou doubly damn'd ! but that I know 't would
please thee.

Aug. No, gen'rous prince ; thy blood shall never be
The price of our dishonour. Come, my child ;
Weep not, sweet babe ; there shall no harm come
nigh thee.

Crist. 'Tis well, proud dame; you are return'd,
I see.

Each to his charge. Here break we off, Gustavus:
For to the very teeth of thy rebellion
We dash defiance back.

Gus. Alas, my mother!

Grief choaks up utterance; else I have to say
What never tongue unfolded—Yet return,
Come back; and I will give up all to save thee;
For on the cov'ring of thy sacred head
My heart drops blood. Thou fountain of my life!
Dearer than mercy is to kneeling penitence,
My early blessing, first and latest joy,
Return, return, and save thy lost Gustavus!

Crist. No more, thou trifler!

Aug. Oh, farewell for ever!

[*Exeunt Cristiern and his party. Gustavus and his party remain.*]

Gus. Then she is gone—Arvida! Anderson!

For ever gone—Arnoldus, friends, where are ye?
Help here! heave, heave this mountain from me—
oh!——

Heav'n keep my senses!——So—we will to battle;
But let no banners wave—Be still, thou trump,
And ev'ry martial sound that gives the war
To pomp or levity: for vengeance now
Is clad with heavy arms, sedately stern,
Resolv'd, but silent as the slaughter'd heaps
O'er which my soul is brooding.

Arn. Oh, Gustavus!

Is there a Swede of us, whose sword and soul

Grapples not to thee, as to all they hold
Of earthly estimation ? Said I more,
It were but half my thought.

And. On thee we gaze,
As one unknown till this important hour ;
Pre-eminent of men !

Siv. Accurs'd be he,
Who, in thy leading, will not fight, and strive,
And bleed, and gasp with pleasure !

And. We are thine,
All, all, both we and our's ; whom thou this day
Hast dearly purchas'd.

Arn. Though to yield us up,
Had scarce been less than virtue.

Gus. Oh, my friends !
I see 'tis not for man to boast his strength
Before the trial comes. This very hour,
Had I a thousand parents, all seem'd light,
When weigh'd against my country ; and, but now,
One mother seem'd of weight to poize the world,
Tho' conscious truth and reason were against her :
For oh, howe'er the partial passions sway,
High heav'n assigns but one unbiass'd way ;
Direct through ev'ry opposition leads,
Where shelves decline, and many a steep impedes.
Here ho'd we on, tho' thwarting fiends alarm,
Here hold we on, tho' devious syrens charm ;
In Heav'n's disposing pow'r events unite,
Nor aught can happen wrong to him who acts aright.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Royal Tent. CRISTINA and MARIANA enter.

Cristina.

HARK, Mariana! list—No, all is silent—

It was not fancy, sure—Didst thou hear aught?

Mar. Too plain, the voice of terror seiz'd my ear,
And my heart sinks within me.

Cristina. Oh, I fear

The war is now at work!—As winds, methought,
Long borne through hollow vaults, the sound ap-
proach'd;

One sound, yet laden with a thousand notes

Of fearful variation; then it swell'd

To distant shouts, now coming on the gale;

Again, borne backward with a parting groan,

All sunk to horrid stillness.

Mar. Look, my princess;

Ah, no! withhold thy eyes! the place grows dark,

A sudden cloud of sorrow stains the day,

And throws its gloom around.

*Four Slaves enter, as bearing the bodies of Augusta and
Gustava on a bier covered; four Women, in chains,
follow, weeping.*

Cristina. Whence are you, say, you daughters of
affliction?

Their speech is in their tears—Avert, ye saints,
Avert that thought!—Soft—hold ye! I've a tear
For ev'ry mourner—Ah! [*Looks under the covering.*]

Mar. What mean you, madam?

Cristina. Reflection, come not there—See it not,
eyes!

How art thou split, thou blood of royalty!
Close at the paleness of its parent-breast
The babe lies slaughter'd. Tell me, who did this?
No, hold ye—say not that my father did it;
For duty then turns rebel. Cruel father!
Oh, that some villager, whose early toil
Lifts the penurious morsel to his mouth,
Had claim'd my birth! Ambition had not then
Thus stepp'd 'twixt me and heav'n,

Mar. Go, bear it hence—

Turn, turn, my royal mistress,

Cristina. Ah, Augusta!

Among thy foes thou 'rt fall'n; thou 'rt fall'n in virtue.
Exalt thyself, O Guilt! for here the good
Have none who may lament them. Sit we down;
For I grow weary of the world; let Death
Within his vaulty durance, dark and still,
Receive me too; and where the afflicted rest,
There fold me in for ever.

LAERTES enters.

Laer. Arise, Cristina; fly, thou royal virgin!
This morn beheld thee mistress of the North,
Bright heir of Scandinavia; and this hour

Has left thee not, throughout thy wide dominions;
Whereon to rest thy foot!

Cristina. Now, praise to Heaven!

Say but my father lives——

Laer. At your command

I went; and, from a neighb'ring summit, view'd
Where either host stood adverse, sternly wedg'd,
Reflecting on each other's gloomy front
Fell hate and fix'd defiance. When at once
The foe mov'd on, attendant to the steps
Of their Gustavus—He, with mournful pace,
Came slow and silent, till two hapless Danes
Prick'd forth, and on his helm discharg'd their fury;
Then rous'd the lion—To my wondring sight
His stature grew twofold; before his eye
All force seem'd wither'd, and his horrid plume
Shook wild dismay around; as Heav'n's dread bolt
He shot; he pierc'd our legions; in his strength
His shouting squadron gloried, rushing on
Where'er he led the battle. Full five times,
Hemm'd by our mightier host the foe seem'd lost,
And swallow'd from my sight; five times again
Like flame they issued to the light; and thrice
These eyes beheld him; they beheld Gustavus,
Unhors'd, and by a host girt singly in;
And thrice he broke through all.

Cristina. My blood runs chill.

Laer. With such a strenuous, such a labour'd
conflict,

Sure never field was fought! until Gustavus

Aloud cry'd, Victory! and on his spear
 Rear'd high th' imperial diadem of Denmark.
 Then slack'd the battle, then recoil'd our host;
 His echo'd, victory! and now would know
 No bounds; rout follow'd, and the face of fight—
 She heeds me not.

Cristina. Oh, ill-starr'd royalty!
 My father! cruel, dear, unhappy father!
 Summon'd so sudden! fearful, fearful thought!
 Step in, sweet mercy! for thy time was—Ha!

*CRISTIERN enters, flying, without his helmet, in disorder,
 his sword broken, and his garments bloody; he throws
 away his sword, and speaks.*

Crist. Give us new arms of proof; fresh horses,
 quick!—

A watch without there—Set a standard up,
 To guide our scatter'd pow'rs—Haste, my friends,
 haste!

We must begone—Oh, for some cooling stream,
 To slake a monarch's thirst!

Laer. A post, my liege,
 A second post from Denmark says—

Crist. All 's lost.

Is it not so? Begone! Perdition choak thee—
 Give me a moment's solitude—Thought, thought,
 Where wouldst thou lead?

Cristina. He sees me not—Alas, alas, my father!
 Oh, what a war there lives within his eye!
 Where greatness struggles to survive itself,

I tremble to approach him ; yet I fain
Would bring peace to him—Don't you know me, sir ?
My father ! look upon me : look, my father !
Why strains your lip, and why that doubtful eye,
Through fury melting o'er me ? Turn, ah, turn !
I cannot bear its softness—How ! nay, then,
There is a falling dagger in that tear,
To kill thy child, to murder thy Cristina.

Crist. Then thou'rt Cristina.

Cristina. Yes.

Crist. My child ?

Cristina. I am.

Crist. Curse me, then, curse me ! join with heav'n
and earth,

And hell, to curse !

Cristina. Alas ! on me, my father,
Thy curses be on me ; but on thy head
Fall blessings from that Heav'n which has this day
Preserv'd thy life in battle.

Crist. What have I
To do with Heav'n ? Damnation ! What am I ?
All frail and transient, as my laps'd dominions !
Ev'n now the solid earth prepares to slide
From underneath me. Nature's pow'r cries out,
" Leave him, thou universe ! " No—Hold me, Heav'n !
Hold me, thou Heav'n, whom I've forsaken—hold
Thy creature, though accurs'd !

Cristina. Patience and peace
Possess thy mind ! Not all thy pride of empire
E'er gave such bless'd sensation, as one hour

Of penitence, though painful—Let us hence—
 Far from the blood and bustle of ambition.
 Be it my task to watch thy rising wish,
 To smooth thy brow, find comfort for thy cares,
 And for thy will, obedience ; still to cheer
 The day with smiles, and lay the nightly down
 Beneath thy slumbers.

Crist. O thou all that's left me !
 Ev'n in the riot, in the rage of fight,
 Thy guardian virtues watch'd around my head,
 When else no arm could aid---for through my ranks,
 My circling troops, the fell Gustavus rush'd ;
 Vengeance ! He cry'd, and with one eager hand
 Grip'd fast my diadem---his other arm,
 High rear'd the deathful steel---suspended yet ;
 For in his eye, and through his varying face,
 Conflicting passions fought---he look'd—he stood
 In wrath reluctant---Then, with gentler voice ;
 " Cristina, thou hast conquer'd ! Go," he cry'd,
 " I yield thee to her virtues."

TROLLIO enters, and Guards, swords drawn.

Trol. Haste, O king !
 The foe hath hemm'd us round ; O haste to save
 Thyself and us !

Crist. Thy sword.

[*Takes a sword from one of the Guards.*]

Trol. What means my——

Crist. Villain !

Well thought, by hell ! Ha ! Yes-----thou art our
 minister,

The rev'rend monitor of vice---the soil,
Baneful and rank with ev'ry principle,
Whence grow the crimes of kings. First perish thou!

[Stabs him.

Who taught the throne of pow'r to fix on fear,
And raise its safety, from the public ruin;
Fall thou into the gulph thyself hast fix'd
Between the prince and people; cutting off
Communion from the ear of royalty,
And mercy from complaint---away, away;
Thy death, old man, be on thy countrymen,
Who fell beneath thy counsels. [Exeunt.

[Trollio attempts to rise, and then speaks.

Trol. Thou bloody tyrant! late, too late I find,
Nor faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly trust,
Nor force of obligations can subsist
Between the guilty---Oh, let none aspire
To be a king's convenience! Has he virtues,
Those are his own; his vices are his minister's;
Who dares to step 'twixt envy and the throne,
Alike to feel the caprice of his prince,
And public detestation,---Ha! I'm going
But whither? No one near! to feel! to catch!
The world but for an instant! for one ray
To guide my soul! Her way grows wondrous dark,
And down, down, down! [Dies.

GUSTAVUS, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, &c.
*enter in triumph. Gustavus advances, and the rest
range themselves on each side of the stage.*

Gus. That we have conquer'd, first we bend to
Heav'n!

And. And next to thee!

All. To thee, to thee, Gustavus!

Gus. No, matchless men! my brothers of the war!
Be it my greatest glory to have mix'd
My arms with yours, and to have fought for once
Like to a Dalecarlian; like to you,
The sires of honour, of a new-born fame,
To be transmitted, from your great memorial,
To climes unknown, to age succeeding age,
'Till time shall verge upon eternity,
And patriots be no more——

Arn. Behold, my lord,
The Danish pris'ners, and the traitor Peterson,
Attend their fate.

Gus. Send home the Danes with honour,
And let them better learn, from our example,
To treat, whom next they conquer, with humanity.

And. But then for Peterson!

Gus. His crimes are great;
A single death were a reward for treason;
Let him still languish---Let him be exil'd,
No more to see the land of liberty,
The hills of Sweden, or the native fields
Of known, endear'd idea.

And. Royal sir,

This is to pardon, to encourage, villains;
And hourly to expose that sacred life,
Where all our safety centers.

Gus. Fear them not.

The fence of virtue is a chief's best caution;
And the firm surety of my people's hearts
Is all the guard that e'er shall wait Gustavus.
I am a soldier from my youth; yet, Anderson,
These wars, where man must wound himself in man,
Have somewhat shocking in them: trust me, friend,
Except in such a cause as this day's quarrel,
I would not shed a single wretch's blood
For the world's empire!

Arn. O exalted Sweden!

Bless'd people! Heav'n! wherein have we deserv'd
A man like this to rule us?

ARVIDA enters, leading in CRISTINA. He runs to Gustavus.

Gus. My Arvida!

Arn. My king! O hail! Thus let me pay my homage. [Kneels.]

Gus. Rise, rise, nor shame our friendship.

Arn. See, Gustavus! Behold, nor longer wonder at my frailty.

Gus. Be faithful, eyes! Ha! Yes, it must be so.
'Tis she---For Heaven would choose no other form
Wherein to treasure ev'ry mental virtue.

Cristina. Renown'd Gustavus! mightiest among men!
If such a wretch, the captive of thy arms,

Trembling, and aw'd in thy superior presence,
 May find the grave that every other finds,
 For thou art said to be of wondrous goodness!
 Then hear, and O excuse a foe's presumption!
 While low, thus low, you see a suppliant child,
 Now pleading for a father, for a dear,
 Much lov'd, if cruel, yet unhappy father.
 O, let him 'scape, who ne'er can wrong thee more!
 If he with circling nations could not stand
 Against thee single; singly what can he,
 When thou art fenc'd with nations?

Gus. Ha! that posture!

O rise—surpriz'd, my eye perceiv'd it not.
 Cristina! thou all form'd for excellence!
 I've much to say, but that my tongue, my thoughts,
 Are troubled; warr'd on by unusual passions.
 'T was hence thou had'st it in thy power to ask,
 Ere I could offer—Come, my friend, assist,
 Instruct me to be grateful. O Cristina!
 I fought for freedom, not for crowns, thou fair one!
 They shall sit brighter on that beauteous head,
 Whose eye might awe the monarchs of the earth,
 And light the world to virtue—My Arvidal!

Arv. O great and good, and glorious to the last!
 I read thy soul, I see the gen'rous conflict,
 And come to fix, not trouble thy repose.
 Cou'd you but know with what an eager haste
 I sprung to execute thy late commands;
 To shield this lovely object of thy cares,
 And give her thus, all beauteous to thy eyes!

For I've no bliss but thine; have lost the form
Of ev'ry wish that's foreign to thy happiness.
But, O my king! my conqu'rer! my Gustavus!
It grieves me much, that thou must shortly mourn,
Ev'n on the day in which thy country's freed,
That crowns thy arms with conquest and Cristina.

Gus. Alas! your cheek is pale---you bleed, my
brother!

Arv. I do indeed---to death.

Gus. You have undone me:

Rash, headstrong man! O was this well, Arvida?

[*Turns from him.*]

Arv. Pardon, Gustavus! mine's the common lot,
The fate of thousands fall'n this day in battle.
I had resolv'd on life, to see you bless'd;
To see my king and his Cristina happy.
Turn, thou lov'd, thou honour'd next to heav'n!
And to thy arms receive a penitent,
Who never more shall wrong thee.

Gus. O, Arvida!

Friend! Friend! [*Turns and embraces him.*]

Arv. Thy heart beats comfort to me! in this breast,
Let thy Arvida, let thy friend survive.
O strip his once lov'd image of its frailties,
And strip it too of ev'ry fonder thought,
That may give thee affliction---Do, Gustavus;
It is my last request; for heav'n and thou
Art all the care and business---of Arvida. [*Dies.*]

Gus. Friend! brother! speak---He's gone---and
here is all

That's left of him, who was my life's best treasure.
 How art thou fall'n, thou greatly valiant man!
 In ruin graceful, like the warrior's spear,
 Tho' shiver'd in the dust—so fall Gustavus—
 But thou art sped, hast reach'd the goal before me;
 And one light lapse throughout thy course in virtue
 Shows only thou wert man, ordain'd to strive,
 But not attain perfection.—

Dost thou too weep? transcendent, loveliest maid!
 Pardon a heart o'ercharg'd with swelling grief,
 That in thy presence will not be exil'd,
 Though ev'ry joy dwells round thee.

Cristina. O Gustavus!

A bosom pure like thine must soon regain
 The heart-felt happiness, that dwells with virtue;
 And heav'n on all exterior circumstance
 Shall pour the balm of peace, shall pay thee back
 The bliss of nations, breathing on thy head
 The sweets that live within the pray'rs of foes
 Subdued unto thy merits—fare, farewell!

Gus. Thou shalt not part, *Cristina*.

Cristina. O—I must—

Gus. No, thou art all that's left to sweeten life,
 And reconcile the wearied to the world.

Cristina. It will not be—I dare not hear—

Gus. You must.

I am thy suppliant in my turn—but O
 My suit is more, much more than life or empire,
 Than man can merit, or worlds give without thee.

Cristina. Now aid me, aid me all ye chaster pow'rs

That guard a woman's weakness! 'tis resolv'd—
Thy own example charms thy suit to silence.
Nor think alone to bear the palm of virtue,
Thou, who hast taught the world, when duty calls,
To throw the bar of every wish behind them.
Exalted in that thought, like thee I rise,
While ev'ry less'ning passion sinks beneath me.
Adieu, adieu, most honour'd, first of men!
I go, I part, I fly, but to deserve thee.

Gus. Yet stay—a moment—till my utt'ring heart
Pour forth in love, in wonder pour before thee.
Thou cruel excellence!—Wou'dst thou too leave me?
Not if the heart, the arms of thy Gustavus
Have force to hold thee.

Cristina. O delightful notes!
That I do love thee, yes, 'tis true, my lord,
The bond of virtue, friendship's sacred tie,
The lover's pains, and all the sister's fondness,
Mine has the flame of every love within it:
But I have a father, guilty if he be,
Yet is he old; if cruel, yet a father.
Abandon'd now by ev'ry supple wretch
That fed his ears with flattery, I am all
That's left to calm, to sooth, his troubled soul,
To penitence, to virtue; and, perhaps,
Restore the better empire o'er his mind,
True seat of all dominion—Yet, Gustavus,
Yet there are mightier reasons—O farewell!
Had I ne'er lov'd, I might have stay'd with honour.

[Exit.]

Gustavus *looks after Cristina, then turns and looks on*
Arvida; Anderson, Arnoldus, &c. *advance.*

And. Behold, my lord, behold the sons of war,
Of triumph, turn'd to tears; while from that eye
All Sweden takes her fate; and smiles around,
Or weeps, with her Gustavus.

Arn. Wilt thou not cheer them, say, thou great
deliv'rer?

Sir. O general!

1st Dale. King!

2d Dale. Brother!

3d Dale. Father!

All. Friend!

Gus. Come, come, my brothers all, yes I will strive
To be the sum of every title to you;
And you shall be my sire, my friend reviv'd,
My sister, mother, all that's kind and dear:
For so Gustavus holds ye——O, I will
Of private passions all my soul divest,
And take my dearer country to my breast;
To public good transfer each fond desire,
And clasp my Sweden with a lover's fire;
Well pleas'd, the weight of all her burdens bear;
Dispense all pleasure, but engross all care;
Still quick to find, to feel, my people's woes,
And wake, that millions may enjoy repose.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

A TRAGI-COMIC

EPILOGUE,

BY WAY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

By Mr. OGLE.

Intended for Mr. Wright, Mrs. Giffard, and Mrs. Clive.

Mr. Wright.

*WELL, ladies, to the court your plea submit,
Box, upper-region, gallery, and pit:
Our poet, trembling for his first essay,
Fear'd to dismiss you, though you sav'd his play.*

*Cry'd Nell (in pity for the bashful rogue)
' Give 'em a joke ! a joke was once in vogue !
' Thus authors us'd, in less judicious times,
' When merry epilogues were thought no crimes.*

*' That (said Cristina) wou'd his ruin crown :
' Nothing, but virtue, takes this virtuous town.
' No, let his epilogue be clean and chaste :
' This is the sense of ev'ry man of taste !——'*

*High rose the conflict in our room of state,
Where tragic kings and queens maintain debate ;
When, lo ! we heard, ' your pow'rs began to rise,
Who e horrid cat-call is our worst excise !*

*Our inmost palace felt the loud dissention ;
Where each new tragedy's a new convention.
Whence we determin'd, without further pother,
To give you, of the one, and of the other.*

Mrs. Giffard.

*Our author on the brave and chaste relies ;
He thinks, the virtuous are the only wise.
And, if his muse, with voice exalted, sings,
Of camps and courts, of ministers and kings,
Yet, be not, to the great, his rules confin'd !
His moral is a lesson to mankind.
If virtue, beauteous, vice, deform'd be draws,
You, that applaud him, sound your own applause.
Where vice, distaste, where virtue, gives delight,
Alike, who judge or paint, are just and right.*

*Virtue, like vice, escapes the public eye,
In humble life, yet blazes in the high.
Hence, tragedy, that owns no vulgar flight,
Skines, with the king, in a mild sphere of light ;
Or vagrant, with the tyrant, strains to run,
A burning comet—not a cheering sun !
That worth is worth, be by Gustavus known ;
More glorious in a mine, than on a throne !
And, for Cristina might I hope a smile,
Less great was she in empire, than exile !*

*Some worth it shows, to aim at worthy praise,—
Then, wither not the plant that you may raise !*

Crush not his youth ! No !—give him age to spread ;
 For we have heard you rumbling o'er his head.
 Fell a few flashes, with portentous blaze,
 To blast th' ambitious branches of his bays ;
 Yet, if soft sorrows stream'd from virtuous eyes,
 If rose, from gen'rous breasts, regaling sighs,
 Refresh'd by the attack, the laurel stands,
 And dares the loudest thunder—of your hands.

Mrs. Clive,

Great the design !—I grant—the moral good !
 But, 'tis my weakness, I am flesh and blood.
 What virgin, here, so tender and so kind,
 Wou'd not her love, with her own hands, unbind ?
 Preliminaries settle in the dark,
 And, though she lost her father, fix her spark ?
 Or, when she bade th' attendant, ' Save him ! Fly !'
 Wou'd she not send, a billet, by-the-by ?
 Not article ? 'Tis nonsense to say, Not !
 Had she no feel, no guess, of what-is-what ?

At her expence the great Gustavus shines ;
 My lover, he !---I'd send him to the mines.——
 Arvida falls !---Gustavus wails his end,
 And many a spouse caresses such a friend.
 Well, let him wail his death ; then, rise to life ;
 Clasp the fond maid, too strict to be his wife !
 He held her in his camp ; might hold, alone ;
 Compulsion some humanity had shown.

*Thy countrymen---will damn thee---thy third day——
This is not, sure, the true Hibernian way?*

*But, I forgive him. He's a young beginner!
Not quite a prostitute, and yet, a sinner!
Forward, to please, yet awkward, to delight!
He wants a kindly hand to guide him right!
A novice yet---Instruct him---He will mend——
Full many a widow wishes such a friend.
E'en marry'd dames may think a greater curse
The slow performer, that grows worse-and-worse!
This, with a blush, I say, behind my fan——
Cherish the boy, you'll raise him to a man!*

Mr. Wright.

*The cause is heard. Ye gentle, and ye brave,
'Tis your's to damn him---But, you join to save——
Then, hail Gustavus, who his country freed!
Ye sons of Britain, praise the glorious Swede!
Who bravely rais'd, and gen'rously releas'd,
From blood-stain'd tyrant, and perfidious priest,
The state and church expiring at a breath!
Who held a life of slav'ry worse than death!
Reform'd religion! re-establish'd law!
And, that you dare to praise him, hail Nassau!——*



